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ONE SHILLING.

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THE POET-REBEL OF FUME, PROCEEDED AGAINST BY FORCE: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the self-constituted Dictator of Fiume, carried his resistance to the Italian Government to extreme lengths, and it became necessary to proceed against him by force. On Christmas Eve, at 4 p.m., Italian troops, commanded by General Ferrero, acting under General Caviglia, advanced upon the town, and D'Annunzio's legionaries opened fire, killing ten and wounding about thirty. Hostilities were suspended at midnight, as orders had been issued to respect Christmas Day, but were resumed on the 26th. D'Annunzio distributed

manifestos by aeroplane, one bearing the words: "Italy celebrates Christmas by making havoc of the Italians in the Fiume of Italy. Gabriele D'Annunzio greets his executioners." It was reported that he was wounded by a splinter from a naval shell fired by the Dreadnought "Andrea Doria," but this was officially denied. The destroyer "Espero," which went over to D'Annunzio, fired on the Italian Fleet on the 26th, and was sunk. On Dec. 28 the casualties in the fighting were estimated at 400 killed and many more wounded.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTONIO ANSELMO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE French Revolution has become respectable by a conventional comparison with the Russian Revolution. But in my boyhood there still lingered some tradition of talking about Jacobins as people now talk about Bolsheviks. Some of the talkers had the extraordinary notion that the French Revolution was an effort towards Socialism; which is rather like saying that the Russian Revolution was an indication of the spread of Spiritualism. I for one have always believed that the French Revolution did really renew the youth of Europe, and create a heroic legend for the liberal idea. But there was a real mistake made by its supporters, which seems never to be adequately urged by its opponents. Coming at the end of a rationalistic epoch, it tended too much to a negative instead of a positive equality. It abolished things for everybody, instead of extending them to everybody. To take a trivial instance, it began with a generous indignation that many people should be wearing filthy rags while a few people wore beautiful clothes. The proper issue of that indignant idealism should obviously be that all men should wear beautiful clothes. But the nineteenth century turned it rather into the notion that all men should wear ugly clothes. They began by praising ancient togas, and ended by producing modern trousers. There was a curious mixture of a Pagan stoicism with a Puritan commercialism, of which the result was that all men went about with high black hats like mutes at a funeral. I am even disposed to extend the argument from clothes to weapons. In the eighteenth century all gentlemen wore swords; by the nineteenth century no men wore swords. I am far from certain that it would not have been a finer declaration of freedom if all men had worn swords. I realise all the dangers of a defensive weapon being used as an offensive weapon. But I think there is in that argument the same peril which we see to-day in the argument that prevention is better than cure. Just as men were forbidden the sword, for fear they should abuse it, they are now forbidden the wine-cup, for fear they should abuse it. I agree with Oliver Cromwell, that it is time enough to interfere with them when they do abuse it. If a man kills another man with a sword, let him be punished for killing him, but not for being able to kill him. If a man is drunk and disorderly, let him be punished for being disorderly, but not for being able to drink and remain orderly. And the sword considered as a symbol would be a symbol of precisely those rights of the citizen which are now most necessary and most neglected. It would stand for the idea that he has in the last resort the right to defend his family individually, as to defend his country collectively. I think it would be a good public army that was made of all those private swords. At least, there would be no pacifism in that sort of democracy. Who knows but even the world of politics might recover the conception of honour?

But whether or no everybody ought to have a sword, I feel sure that everybody ought to have a shield; I mean in the sense of armorial bearings. Here again is an instance in which the great revolutionary movement erred in equalising by extinguishing instead of by extending. The real error of the feudal tradition was not in having too much heraldry, but in having too little. For, properly understood, heraldry is one of the simplest ideas of humanity. In a certain sense, indeed, heraldry is humanity. It is what Mr. H. G. Wells called mankind in the making; it is life considered as a tissue of births. The genealogical tree is really a most common or garden sort of tree.

It is only the tree of life; a mere trifle. The feeling of interest in one's own family is one of the most natural and universal feelings; it has nothing particularly oligarchical, or even aristocratic about it. And when the philosophers discovered that all men were important, they ought obviously to have discovered that all families were important; and even that all pedigrees were important. Nor



CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM IN AUSTRALIA: COLONEL J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, WITH HIS WIFE, ON BOARD SHIP ON THE VOYAGE OUT. This photograph of Colonel and Mrs. Douglas was taken by Mr. P. G. H. Fender, during the voyage to Australia, on board the "Oslerley." England was beaten by Australia in the first Test Match, which ended at Sydney on December 22, by 377 runs.—[Photograph supplied by C. N.]

can I see any reason why the genealogical tree should not bear flowers as well as fruit; why there should not be colours and emblems and external beauty to express the variations of the social group. The art of heraldry degenerated

and eagles in half to fit in with the father's quarters, or the mother's pales and partitions, so the new psychological novelists are cutting up their human beings into father-complexes and mother-complexes, till they resemble heraldic figures of which only a leg or arm remains in a tangle of bends and chevrons. In both cases the result is a diagram instead of a drawing; and in both cases the spirit is pedantry instead of poetry. But in neither case should we forget the original nature of the poetry. To inherit a flag or fighting sign from a father, and hand it on to a family, is a perfectly poetic and simple idea, and no more snobbish than having a sentiment about the house of your childhood or the playground of your children. And, indeed, the parallel brings us to what is really the practical point for the modern world.

For, if it was in this sense that the French Revolution was wrong, it is exactly in this sense that the whole modern world is wrong where the French Revolution was right. In one most vital matter the symbols of the sword and shield, the old traditions of chivalry and heraldry, were carried on by the Jacobins, and have only been abandoned by us. The French Revolution may have discouraged the idea of the paternal flag, but it carefully preserved the idea of the paternal farm. It may have abolished the family tree, but it kept the family trees in the sense of things growing in the family orchard or vineyard. It merely sought, so far as possible, to provide every private citizen with this experience of private property, and especially of private property in land. The roots of the new equality were the same as those of the old feudalism. For they were roots in the soil. France has corrected the concentration of property by the distribution of property, and not by the vague verbal abolition of property. For the abolition is in reality only verbal, and merely means that the property which was once concentrated in landlords is again concentrated in officials. But the point to seize is the sanity of this true democratic development, which, seeing something unwisely confined to the few, wisely distributed it to the many. It may have, rightly or wrongly, transferred property; but it never dreamed of abolishing property. In that respect Marat and the Sansculottes were better conservatives than we.

Indeed, I think some of our more Tory aristocrats must be scratching their heads over the situation—if such a gesture of bewilderment can be considered sufficiently aristocratic. Having been brought up to regard France, as one great barricade of bloody revolution, they are now actually trusting to France, one is tempted to say hiding behind France, as the one great bulwark of old European law and order. The child of the Jacobin is the champion against the Bolsheviks. While the loyal lands of Blücher and Metternich are honeycombed with Leninism, the land of Robespierre and St. Just stands for a more stately tradition of diplomacy, and for the ancient chivalry of Poland. Yet the explanation of the apparent paradox is in the equally apparent fact. France is conservative because she succeeded in being revolutionary; and that with the only kind of revolution that can really succeed. About property, if not about rank or costume, she pursued a positive and not a negative equality. The modern world, so far as it is pursuing anything,



SOME OF THE M.C.C. TEAM NOW IN AUSTRALIA: ENGLISH CRICKETERS. The names are (from left to right)—Back row: Russell, Mr. E. R. Wilson, Woolley, Mr. P. G. H. Fender. Middle row: Hendren, Col. J. W. H. T. Douglas, Hearne, and Make. Front row: Howell, Dolphin, and Strudwick. Eight of this group played in the first Test Match.

ON THE VOYAGE.

skin, Waddington, and
e. Front row: Howell,
atch.

because it was turned from a real art to a sham science. A good many modern arts seem to be going the same way. The art of fiction, for instance, seems to be turning from the reality of romance to the affectation of psychology or psycho-analysis. As the heralds cut their lion

is pursuing the notion or the mere negation of property, either through capitalism or communism. And compared with that, it would be better to have a society which allowed every man in the street to wear not only a sword, but a crown.

Of the Rebel Force which Defended Fiume: D'Annunzio's Lightly-clad Guards.

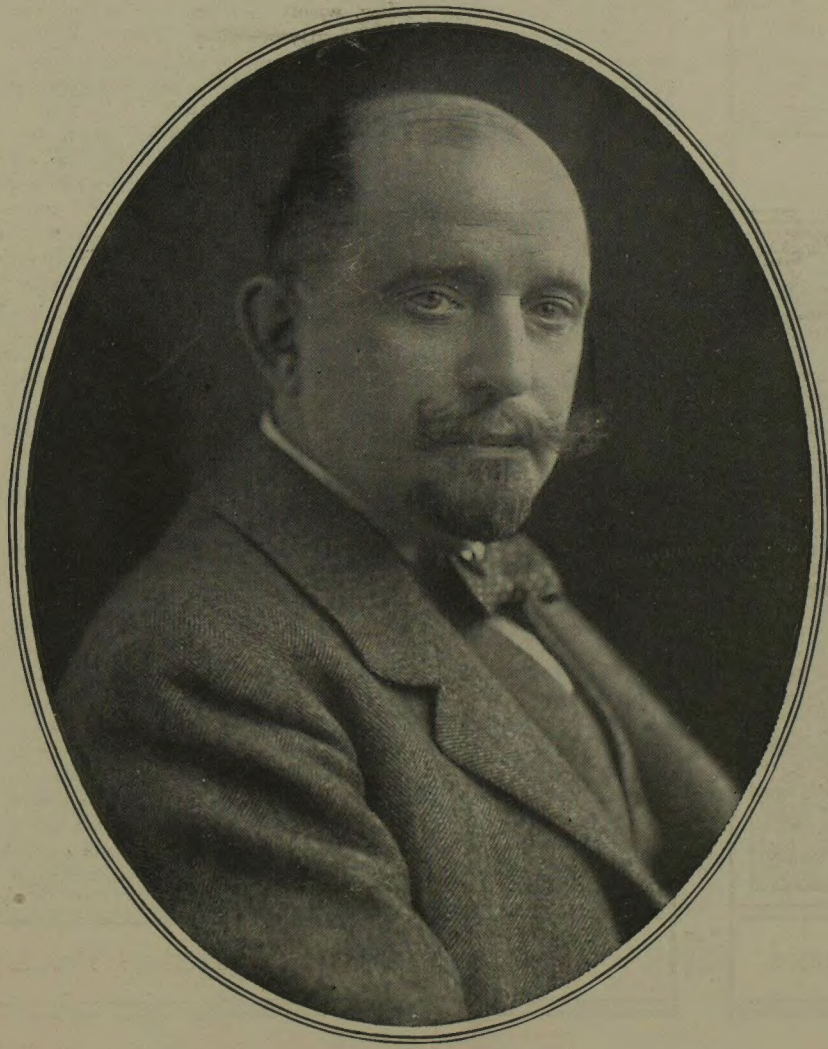


IN A UNIFORM CONSISTING MAINLY OF "SHORTS": LIFE-GUARDS OF D'ANNUNZIO'S ARMY, WHICH HAS FOUGHT ITALIAN REGULARS.

As described on our front page, hostilities between D'Annunzio's forces and the regular Italian troops advancing on Fiume began on Christmas Eve, when the rebels opened fire. By December 28 the casualties on both sides were reported as 400 killed and many more wounded. The Government orders were to "confine bloodshed to the minimum." D'Annunzio's legionaries had converted houses in the town into nests of machine-guns, and as the regulars refrained from using

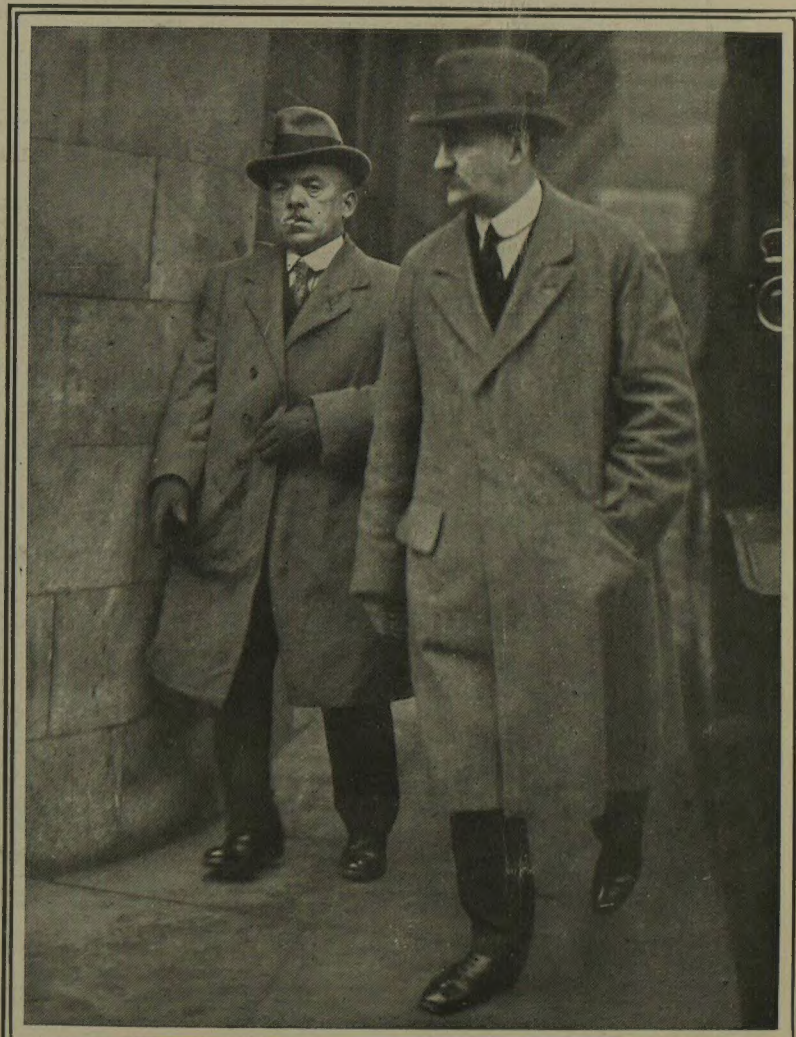
artillery, they found progress very difficult. They advanced along the coast road west of the town. All the main streets were also defended by barbed-wire barricades. Some legionaries in an armoured car made a desperate resistance, and were all killed or mortally wounded before it was captured. The rebel barracks were shelled by the Dreadnought "Andrea Doria." The above photograph, it should be mentioned, was taken at a parade some weeks ago.

A Disaster to Many Small Depositors: The Failure of Farrow's Bank.



CHARGED WITH FALSIFYING THE ACCOUNTS OF FARROW'S BANK: MR. WALTER CROTCH, A DIRECTOR.

The failure of Farrow's Bank, which suspended payment on December 20, caused great distress among its numerous small depositors. The total deposits were about £4,000,000, and it was said that the deficiency might amount to about £1,500,000. Mr. W. Walter Crotch, one of the chief directors, and Mr. F. D. T. Hart, accountant, were charged at the Mansion House Police Court on December 21 with having published a false Report and Balance Sheet. On the next day Mr.



THE FOUNDER OF FARROW'S BANK: MR. THOMAS FARROW (LEFT) UNDER ARREST, ON HIS WAY TO THE POLICE COURT.

Thomas Farrow, the founder, appeared on the same charge. In the dock he said: "I am not well. I should like to see a doctor. I have been meeting imaginary persons on the stairs." All three defendants were remanded till December 29. Mr. Thomas Farrow was formerly a private secretary to Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and later to Mr. Robert Verburgh, M.P. His books on the evils of usury led to the passing of the Moneylenders Act. He founded the bank in 1904.

WHERE CHRISTMAS REALLY IS CHRISTMAS DECEMBER SUN AND SNOW IN SWITZERLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHY C.N.



AT THE EVER-POPULAR MÜRREN: A TRIO OF SKI ENTHUSIASTS.



OFF FOR A RUN ON LUGES: LADY MALCOLM (RIGHT) AND MISS GRUNDY.



PLAYING IN A CURLING MATCH AT MÜRREN: SIR FREDERICK LOBNITZ, K.B.E.



STARTING A LUGE RACE FOR SWISS CHILDREN: LADY HADCOCK.



TAKING A CLASS IN SKI-ING: MR. V. CAULFIELD (LEFT), THE WELL-KNOWN BRITISH SKI-RUNNER.



OFF FOR AN EXPEDITION: MISS HADCOCK (RIGHT) AND MISS MAJOR.



ON THE SKI-ING GROUND AT MÜRREN: TWO ENTHUSIASTS.



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE NEAR MÜRREN: MOONRISE AND SUNSET ON THE EIGER AND THE MÖNCH.

Those who like to be certain of spending the Christmas season in the "genuine" atmosphere of crisp, invigorating cold, and wish to enjoy the seasonable delights of skating, luge, ski-ing and curling, in a setting of dazzling white snow, lit up by brilliant sunshine, can find in Switzerland the fulfilment of their desires. In the mountain resorts of that country of holiday-making, society may savour every outdoor delight proper to chill December. While we in England were wondering if Christmas Day had mysteriously fallen in April instead of December this year, Swiss sportsmen and sportswomen were employed, as our photographs show, in the pursuit of classic winter sports. Our illustrations give a very good idea of what Switzerland is like in winter, and show some

of the well-known people who have been enjoying its varied pleasures. Sir Frederick Lobnitz is the brother-in-law of Lord Cowdray, and was Director of Munitions for Scotland in 1917-19. Miss Grundy, who is seen with Lady Malcolm, is the daughter of the late Mr. Sydney Grundy, the famous dramatist. Mr. Vivian Caulfield, who is shown in one of our illustrations holding a ski-ing instruction class, is a well-known British ski-runner and has taken several courses in the sport for the Ski Club of Great Britain, while his book on the subject, "How To Ski and How Not To," is generally acknowledged to be one of the standard works on ski-ing.

A BRITISH ST. NICHOLAS IN DEVASTATED FRANCE: JOUR DE L'AN GIFTS FOR LONELY CAVE-DWELLERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRÉNEAU.



IN "THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION" NEAR THE CHEMIN DES DAMES: BRITISH MOTORISTS BRING NEW YEAR GIFTS AND GOOD CHEER TO A FRENCH FAMILY INHABITING A CAVE DUG-OUT MADE DURING THE WAR.

Although Christmas Eve (Röveillon) is made a night of rejoicing and merriment in France, the day of days is Le Jour de l'An (New Year's Day), and all over the country it is the time of festival and goodwill, as is the English Christmas. "The devastated areas," writes our artist, in a note on his drawing, "are not being forgotten, and motor-lorries are leaving Paris at intervals for the larger centres, laden with food and gifts for district distribution. In order to reach the out-of-the-way and desolate spots, certain charitable people are exploring the accessible roads of the remote areas in motors. Owing to the severe weather, these spots are the abomination of desolation, and the delight of the scattered inhabitants when the modern Santa Claus arrives can be imagined. The sketch was made north-east of the Chemin des Dames, miles from any

centre, where a British motoring party, laden with good cheer, came upon a little colony of cave-dwellers living in the cave dug-outs of the hilly country made by the French troops during the war. The joy of the children on receiving a typical French doll, and a few other simple toys, among the good things provided, was touching beyond description. 'Monsieur' was away, tramping to the nearest Mairie for his Christmas allotment, so his surprise on his return was an event to which we left the family looking forward.' The scene shown in the drawing did not, of course, take place actually on New Year's Day, as, owing to the distances, the distribution of gifts was begun well in advance.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CRIME OF EKATERINBURG:

THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

By *PIERRE GILLIARD, Tutor of the late Tsarevitch.**

M. Pierre Gilliard, who is a Swiss, went to Petrograd in 1904, after completing his studies at the University of Lausanne, as French tutor to Duke Serge of Leuchtenberg, and the next year taught French to the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, then aged ten and eight respectively. In 1913 he became tutor to the Tsarevitch Alexis, then in his tenth year. M. Gilliard lived at the Palace, and shared the daily life of the Imperial Family. When the Revolution of March 1917 broke out, he was at Tsarskoe Selo, and, though given the choice of leaving, he preferred to remain in captivity with his employers, and afterwards obtained permission to accompany them to Tobolsk. At Ekaterinburg, against his will, he was separated from them, and to that fact he owes his life. M. Gilliard is the only member of the Tsar's immediate circle who shared the captivity at Tsarskoe Selo and Tobolsk from the first day to the last. At Ekaterinburg he was one of the first to investigate the tragedy. His evidence is thus of exceptional value. Unfortunately, he leaves no doubt as to the fate of the Imperial Family—their extermination was complete. It is not only on the crime of Ekaterinburg that M. Gilliard throws new light, but also on the true characters of the Emperor and Empress and their children. His only interest is to tell the truth, and his picture dispels malicious and ridiculous legends. M. Gilliard has hitherto refrained from publishing his account, pending the close of the official inquiry, now almost ended. His reminiscences will eventually appear in a book, entitled "Thirteen Years of Tuition at the Court of Russia," in the collection of memoirs, studies, and documents on the history of the world war (Payot). The accompanying photographs were mostly taken by M. Gilliard himself; the rest emanate from the official inquiry. In chronological order, the crime of Ekaterinburg would come last in the story, following the account of the Imperial Family's life before and after the Revolution; but it was decided to begin with it, partly to satisfy public interest, and partly because other versions of the tragic event have already appeared, notably in that very interesting and well-illustrated book, "The Last Days of the Romanoffs," by Mr. Robert Willon. Here, then, follows M. Gilliard's narrative in all its moving simplicity.

THE time has come to make known, in all its details and horror, the frightful crime of Ekaterinburg. The silence imposed on me by the official inquiry has been largely exploited by the authors of this crime themselves, and by inferior publications, which have completely misled public opinion. It is time that those who know the truth should speak out. Leaving aside the question of responsibility, I will simply relate the events in which I was personally concerned after my arrival at Ekaterinburg, and explain the details of the crime as established by the inquiry.

THE LAST HALTING-PLACE.

It was at Tsarskoe Selo that the Imperial Family spent the five months which followed the Revolution of March 1917. In August of the same year, the Emperor, the Empress, and their five children—the Tsarevitch (aged thirteen), his four sisters, Olga (aged twenty-two), Tatiana (aged twenty), Marie (aged eighteen), and Anastasia (aged sixteen)—were transported to Tobolsk

with some members of their suite and a large number of servants.

When, in April 1918, Commissary Yakovlev was sent from Moscow to Tobolsk to proceed with the new removal of the Emperor and his family, the Tsarevitch was seriously ill, and was unable to travel. It was therefore decided that he should remain at Tobolsk with three of his sisters, and would be fetched later on.

On April 26, the Emperor, the Empress, and their third daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, accompanied by Prince Dolgorouki (Marshal of the Court), Dr. Botkin, and three servants—Terence Tchamadourov (valet to the Emperor), Anna Demidova (the Empress's maid) and Ivan Sedniev (footman of the Grand Duchesses)—were taken off by Yakovlev. They reached Tiumen (the nearest railway station to Tobolsk) by carriage, and arrived at Ekaterinburg on April 30. With the exception of Prince Dolgorouki, who was taken to prison the same day, the remainder of the party were incarcerated in the house of a rich merchant of the town, named Ipatiev.

Three weeks later the Tsarevitch and his three sisters left Tobolsk, escorted by the Commissaries Khokhriakov and Rodionov. This

drove off with the children in the direction of the town.

How little did I guess that I was never to see again those with whom I had spent so many years! I was certain that they were coming to fetch me, and that we would reunite them. The hours went by. Our train was taken back into the station, and I saw General Tatichtchev, Countess Hendrikov, and Miss Schneider led away. A little later came the turn of Volkov, footman of the Empress; of Kharitonov, the chef; the man-servant Troup, and of little Sedniev, the scullion.

With the exception of Volkov, who managed to escape later on, and little Sedniev, who was spared, all those who were taken away that day were killed by the Bolsheviks.

We were still waiting. What was happening? We were imagining all sorts of things, when about five o'clock the Commissary Rodionov came into our carriage, and announced "that they no longer wanted us and that we were free"! Free! And we were being separated from them. Then all was finished! After our excitement a profound reaction set in. What was to be done? We were in despair!

Still, I do not understand what guided the

Bolsheviks in their choice which saved our lives. Why imprison Countess Hendrikov, when Baroness Buxhewden was set free—and yet they were both Maids-of-Honour to the Empress? Why they and not us? Had there been some confusion with regard to names and functions? Mystery!

On the morrow and the days that followed I went with my colleague to the British and Swedish Consulates—the French Consul was away. Something had to be done in order to help the prisoners. The two Consuls reassured us, and told us that steps had been taken, and that they did not believe in the imminence of danger.

I passed in front of Ipatiev's house, only the tops of the windows of which could be seen, as it

had been boarded with planks. I had not lost all hope of getting in, for Dr. Derevenko, who had been authorised to see the child, had heard Dr. Botkin ask Commissary Avdiev, commander of the guard, in the name of the Emperor, to allow me to rejoin them. Avdiev had replied that he would have to refer the matter to Moscow. In the meantime, with the exception of Dr. Derevenko, who was lodged in town, we were all camping in our fourth-class carriage in which we had travelled. We were to spend over a week in it.

On the 26th we got the order to quit without delay the territory of the Government of Perm, in which Ekaterinburg is situated, and to return to Tobolsk. They had been careful to give us but one passport, in order to keep us together and thus to make our supervision easier. But the trains were no longer running, the anti-Bolshevist feeling of Russian and Czech volunteers was spreading rapidly, and the line was used exclusively for military units, which were sent with all speed to Tiumen.

One day, as I was passing Ipatiev's house in the company of Dr. Derevenko and Dr. Gibbes, we saw two cabs surrounded by Red Guards. We were greatly moved when we perceived that Sedniev (the footman of the Grand Duchesses) was sitting in the first cab between two guards. Nagorny was about to get into the second. He put his foot on the step and, raising his head, caught sight of us standing motionless a few yards away from him. He gazed at us fixedly for a few seconds, then, without a sign of recognition, which would have betrayed us, got in. The cabs drove off in



MASSACRED TOGETHER AT EKATERINBURG ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 16-17, 1918: THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA, THE EMPRESS, AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Photograph by E.N.A.

second convoy, of which I was a member, comprised nearly all who had remained at Tobolsk after the Emperor's departure. I will only give the names of those who play a part in my account. General Tatichtchev, A.D.C. to the Emperor; Baroness Buxhewden and Countess Hendrikov, Maids-of-Honour to the Empress; Miss Schneider, the reader; Dr. Derevenko, surgeon attached to Alexis Nicolaievitch; Mr. Gibbes, my English colleague, etc.

On May 22 we arrived at Tiumen, and were sent under a strong escort to the special train which was to take us to Ekaterinburg. Just as I was going to get in with my pupil, I was brutally separated from him, and conveyed to a fourth-class carriage. We reached Ekaterinburg during the night, and stopped outside the station.

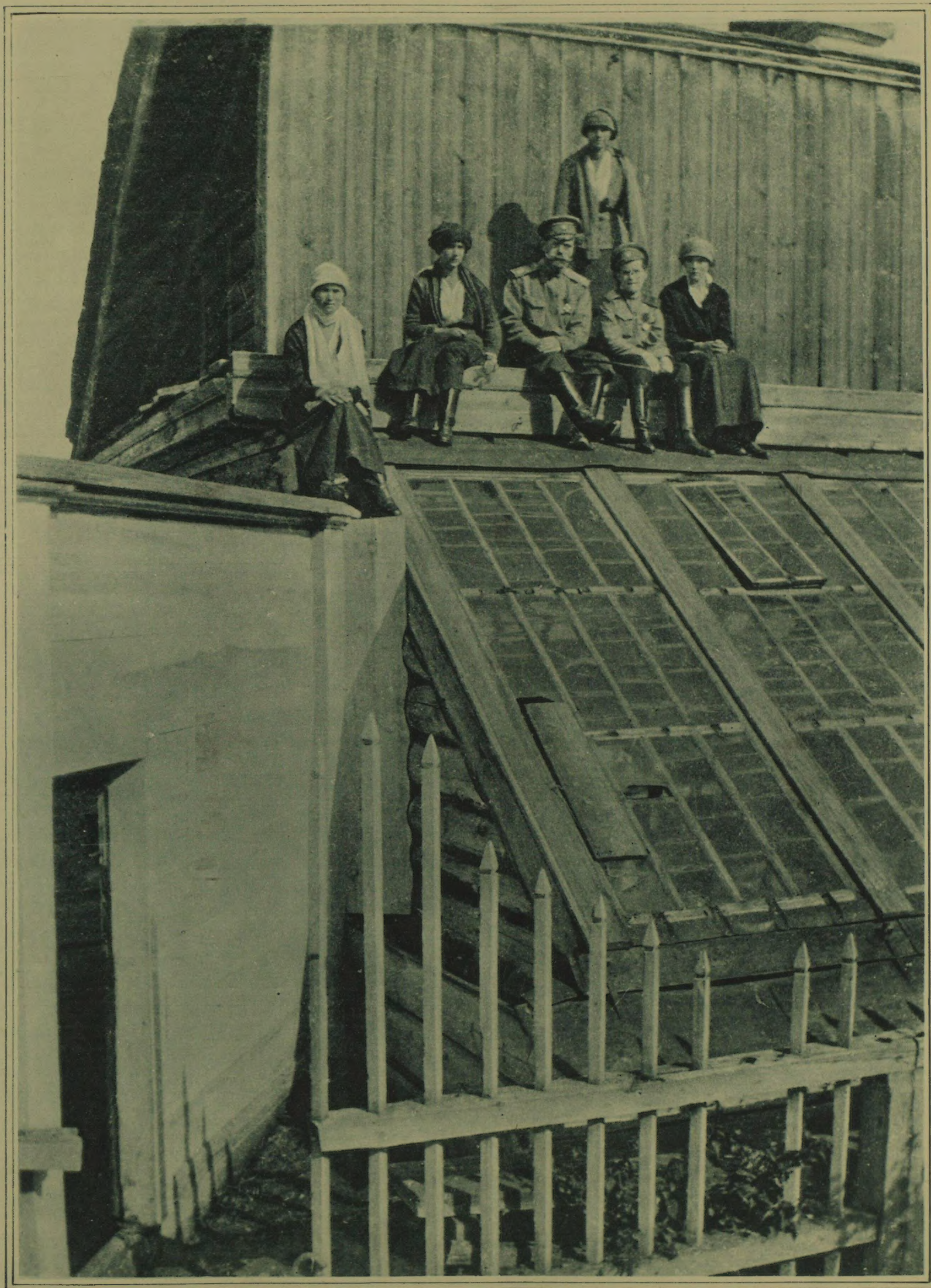
At about nine o'clock in the morning, several cabs stopped alongside the train, and I saw four men go in the direction of the children's carriage.

A few minutes elapsed, and then Nagorny, the sailor attached to the person of Alexis Nicolaievitch, passed my window, carrying the child in his arms; behind him came the Grand Duchesses carrying bags and small parcels. I tried to get out, but was brutally pushed back into the carriage by the sentinel. I stood at the window. I saw Tatiana Nicolaievna carrying her little dog and dragging along painfully a heavy valise. It was raining, and I saw her sinking in the mud with every step she took. Nagorny wanted to rush to her side, but was violently pushed away by one of the Commissaries. A few minutes later the cab

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WORSE-FATED THAN LOUIS XVI.: NICHOLAS II. AND HIS CHILDREN.

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ON THE ROOF OF THEIR PRISON AT TOBOLSK, FOR A BREATH OF AIR: (L. TO R.) SEATED—GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA AND ANASTASIA, THE TSAR, THE TSAREVITCH, AND GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA; STANDING—GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Nicholas II. of Russia suffered in the twentieth century a more dreadful fate than the eighteenth century inflicted on Louis XVI. of France. He was not tried: he was not even ceremonially executed. He was shot like a dog, and he died knowing that in a moment the whole of his family—his wife, four daughters, and little son—would be similarly butchered. The miserable story has now at last been told in full, as far as it can ever be known, by the Swiss tutor

of the Tsarevitch, M. Pierre Gilliard, who, against his will, was not allowed by the Bolsheviks to be with the Imperial Family in their last prison at Ekaterinburg, and so escaped sharing their doom. M. Gilliard's narrative is given in these pages. The family were at Tobolsk from September 1917 till April 1918, when they were removed to Ekaterinburg. There they were all slaughtered on July 17, 1918. The Empress was absent from the above group, being ill.

the direction of the prison. A short time after these two brave fellows were shot: their crime was that they were not able to hide their indignation when they saw the Bolshevik commissaries take away the little gold chain on which hung the holy images above the bed of Alexis Nicolaievitch, who was ill.

A few more days elapsed, and then I was informed by Dr. Derevenko that the request made by Dr. Botkin regarding me had been refused. On June 3 our railway carriage was attached to a refugee train and sent to Tiumen, which we reached, after numerous misadventures, on the 15th. A few hours later I was arrested at the Bolshevik headquarters, where I had gone to get my passport, and that of my companions, visé. And it is only owing to a series of most fortunate circumstances that we managed to escape again.

On July 20 the Whites took Tiumen, and delivered us from the madmen whose victims we nearly were. Some days later the newspapers published the proclamation put up in the streets of Ekaterinburg, announcing that: "The sentence of death against the ex-Tsar Nicholas Romanov had been executed in the night of July 16-17, and that the Empress and the children had been taken to a place of safety."

On July 25 Ekaterinburg fell, and as soon as communications were re-established—which took a long time, as the railway had been greatly damaged—Mr. Gibbs and myself dashed off in search of the Imperial Family and those of our companions who had remained at Ekaterinburg.

The day after my arrival I got into Ipatiev's house for the first time. I went through the rooms which had been their prison: they were in an indescribable mess, and it was quite obvious that every effort had been made to obliterate every trace of those who had occupied them. Stacks of ashes had been taken out of the stoves. Amongst them were the half-calcined remains of tooth-brushes, hair-pins, buttons, etc.; and amidst the rubbish I found a hair-brush of the Empress which bore her initials, A. O. If it were true that the prisoners had been taken away, they must have gone without any of their belongings.

I then noticed on the wall, inside the window-embrasure of their Majesties' room, the favourite symbol of her Majesty, the swastika, which she had put everywhere to bring good luck. She had drawn it in pencil, and had put the date, April 17/30, the day of their imprisonment in the Ipatiev house. The same sign, but dateless, was on the wall-paper, on the level of the bed occupied by her or the Tsarevitch; but in spite of all my efforts I was unable to find any indication which could put us on their tracks.

I then went to the lower storey, the greater part of which was a basement. I entered with intense emotion the room in which, perhaps, they had died. Its aspect was most sinister. Daylight came in through a window with iron bars across it. The walls and the floor bore marks of bullets and bayonet thrusts. It was quite obvious that a dreadful crime had been committed there, and that several people had been killed. In my despair I believed that the Emperor had perished, and, that being the case, I could not believe the Empress had survived him. I had seen her at Tobolsk, when Yakovlev had come to fetch the Emperor, fling herself in the most dangerous place. I had seen her after several hours of agony, when her feelings as a wife and a mother had had a desperate struggle, end by leaving her sick child, though it tore her heart in two, in order to follow her husband, whose life she thought was threatened. Yes, it was quite possible that they had both been killed. And the children? Had they also been massacred? I could not believe it. The idea was too horrible. And yet everything seemed to prove that the victims had been numerous.

During the following days I continued making my investigation at Ekaterinburg, in the neighbourhood, at the monastery, in all the places where I hoped to get some clue. I saw Father Storoyev, who was the last to perform the religious rites at Ipatiev's house. That had been on Sunday the 14th, two days before the awful night. He too, alas! had but little hope.

THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

The inquiry proceeded but slowly. It had started in very difficult circumstances, for between July 17 and 25 the Bolsheviks had had time to



FAITHFUL TO THE LAST: THE LATE DR. BOTKIN, MURDERED WITH THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT EKATERINBURG.

Dr. Botkin slept in the "salon" next to the room occupied by the Emperor and Empress in the Ipatiev house. He and three others of their attendants—Anna Demidova (the Empress's maid), Kharitonov (the chef), and Troup (an old footman)—were killed along with the Imperial Family.

efface all traces of their crime. Ever since the taking of Ekaterinburg, the authorities had had a guard put round Ipatiev's house, and a judicial inquiry had been started; but the threads had been so cleverly entangled that it was very difficult to unravel things. The most important deposition

occupied a clearing in a forest adjoining their village, and that they had remained there several days. They brought some things found by them near a disused mine-shaft, not far distant from which the traces of a huge fire could still be seen. Some officers went to the clearing and found there other things, which, like the former ones, were identified as having belonged to the Imperial Family.

The investigations had been entrusted to Ivan Alexandrovitch Sergueiev, member of the Ekaterinburg tribunal, and followed a normal course, but the difficulties were very great. Sergueiev felt more and more certain of the death of all the members of the family. The bodies, however, could not be discovered, and certain depositions seemed to favour the hypothesis of the departure of the Empress and the children. These depositions, it was afterwards discovered, emanated from Bolshevik agents, who had remained at Ekaterinburg for the express purpose of muddling the investigations. Their aim was partly achieved, for Sergueiev lost some precious time before he discovered that he was on the wrong track.

In January 1919 Admiral Koltchak, realising the historic importance of this inquiry, and wishing to follow it, asked General Diteriks to let him see the case, as well as everything which had belonged to the Imperial Family. On Feb. 5, he sent for Nicholas Alexeievitch Sokolov, a judge "for very important cases,"* and asked him to examine the case. Two days later, the Minister of Justice, Starankevitch, told him to continue the investigation.

It was at Omsk, where I had been summoned by General Janin, head of the French Military Mission, that I made the acquaintance of M. Sokolov.

In April General Diteriks, who had returned from Vladivostok, where he had been sent by Koltchak on a special mission, joined him in order to help him, and was accompanied by Mr. R. Wilton, of the *Times*. From that moment the inquiry made rapid strides. Hundreds of witnesses were examined, and as soon as the snow disappeared the clearing in which the objects belonging to the Imperial Family had been found was thoroughly searched. M. Sokolov gave himself up entirely to this work, and as a result of untiring patience and devotion he was able to reconstruct the crime in a most remarkable manner.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVs.

As I have mentioned above, it was about the middle of April 1918 that Yankel Sverdlov, President of the Central Executive Committee in Moscow, yielding to pressure by Germany, sent Commissary Yakovlev to Tobolsk to remove the Imperial Family. He had received instructions to convey them to Petrograd or Moscow. He met with great opposition, which he did his best to overcome, in the execution of this plan. That has been proved by the inquiry. The opposition had been organised by the Government of the region of the Ural, which was at Ekaterinburg. It was they who got ready—unknown to Yakovlev—the trap by means of which they would be able to get hold of the Emperor. But it is more than probable that their project had the secret approval of Moscow. It is more than probable that Sverdlov was playing a double game, and, while pretending to fall in with the demands of General Baron Mirbach, the German representative, had an understanding with the Commissaries of Ekaterinburg not to let the Tsar escape. Whatever the circumstances, the installation of the Tsar at Ekaterinburg was only temporary. In two days the merchant Ipatiev was turned out of his house, and the windows were blocked up with planks right to the second floor.

It was there that the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaievna, Dr. Botkin, and three servants were taken. At first the guard was formed by three soldiers, who were chosen haphazard and who were frequently changed. Later, these were exclusively chosen from the workmen of the Verkh-Isetski works and those from the factory

of the Brothers Zlokazov. At their head they

[Continued overleaf.]



ALL BUT ONE MURDERED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) Mlle. SCHNEIDER, GENERAL TATICHTEV, M. PIERRE GILLIARD (SURVIVOR, AND AUTHOR OF OUR ARTICLE), COUNTESS HENDRIKOV, AND PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.

Countess Hendrikov, Maid of Honour to the Empress, and Mlle. Schneider, her Majesty's reader, were shot at Perm on the night of September 3-4, 1918. Two bodies, believed to be those of General Tatichtchev, A.D.C. to the Emperor, and Prince Dolgorouki, were found near the prison at Ekaterinburg when it was captured. They did not die with the Imperial Family.

was that of some peasants of the village of Koptiaki, situated at twenty versts north-west of Ekaterinburg. They declared that in the night of the 16th—17th the Bolsheviks had

*There used to be in Russia three categories of Judges—ordinary; those for important cases; those for particularly important cases.

AN IMPERIAL TRAGEDY: THE TSAR'S SLAYER; RELICS OF THE EMPRESS.

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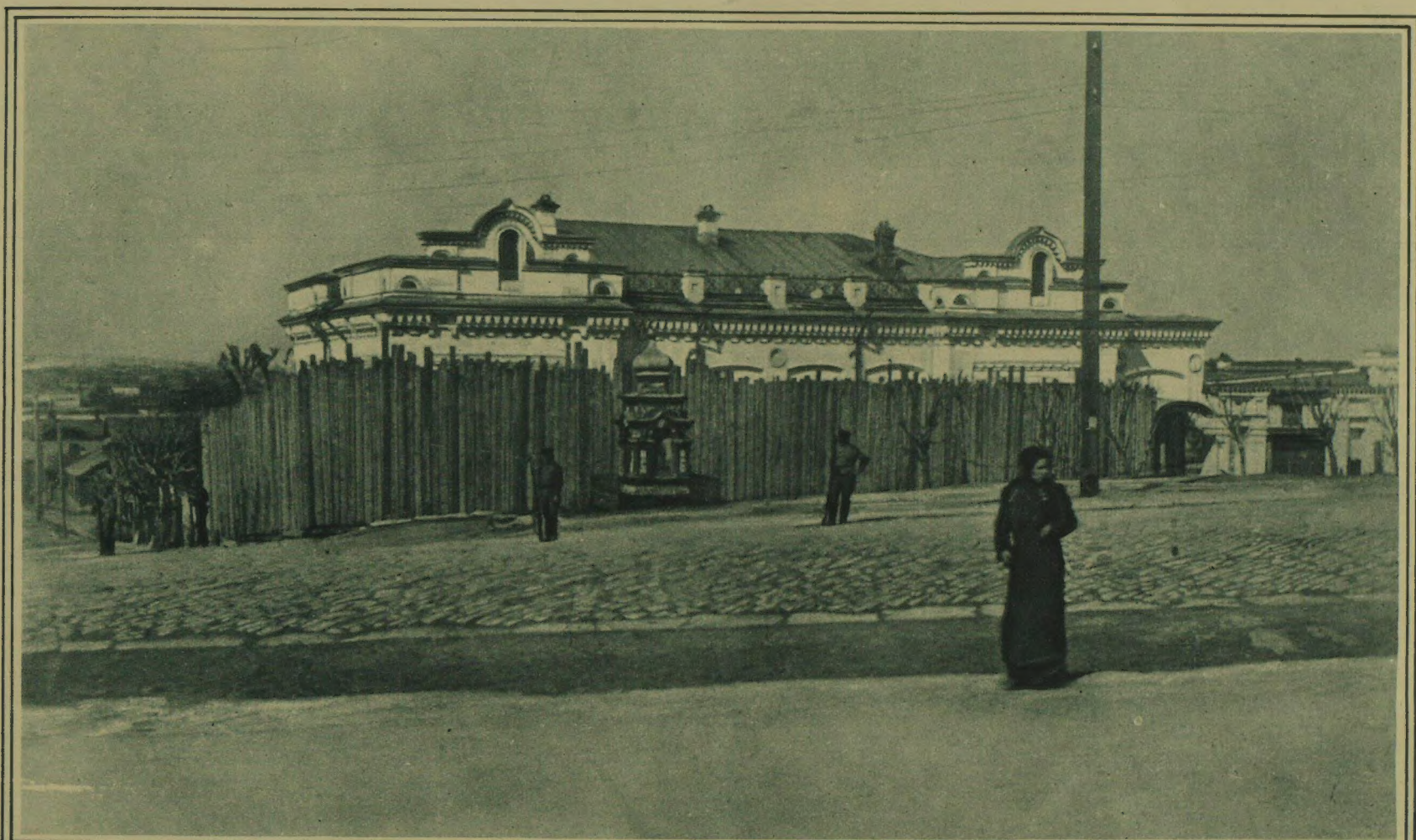
SHOT FOR BEFRIENDING THE TSAREVITCH: HIS SAILOR SERVANT, NAGORNY.



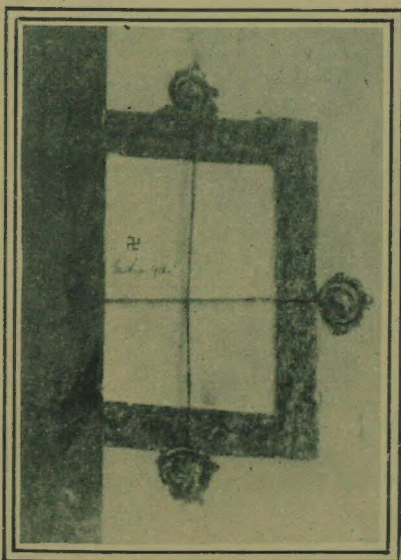
SHOWING THE NARROW ARCHED WINDOW OF THE GROUND-FLOOR ROOM WHERE THE MASSACRE WAS PERPETRATED: THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV—SIDE VIEW.



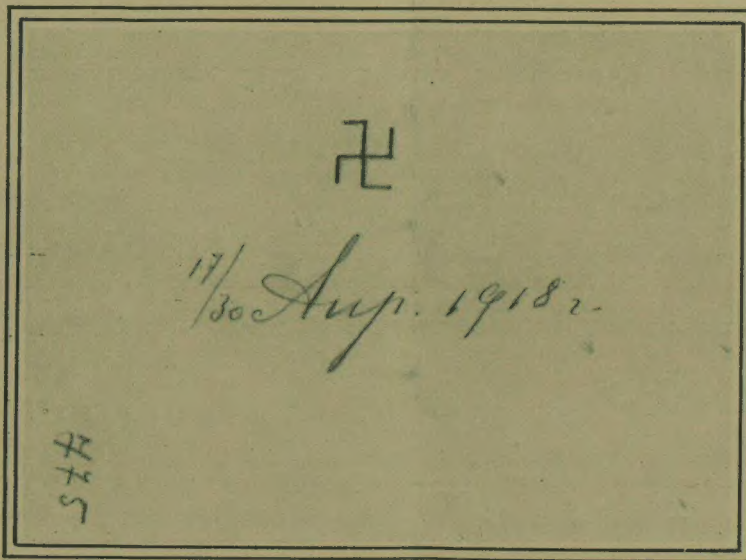
THE MAN WHO KILLED THE TSAR: YUROVSKY, CHIEF GAOLER.



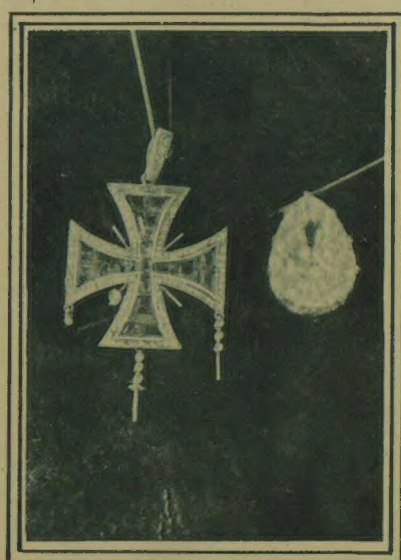
ENCLOSED WITH A DOUBLE PALISADE TO PREVENT THE PRISONERS' ESCAPE: THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV AT EKATERINBURG, THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE, WITH "RED" SOLDIERS ON GUARD.



PENCILLED BY THE EMPRESS ON A WALL: A SWASTIKA, HER FAVOURITE EMBLEM.



WITH THE DATE "17/30 APRIL, 1918": A TRACING OF THE SWASTIKA PENCILLED BY THE EMPRESS.



FOUND WHERE THE BODIES WERE BURNED: JEWELS OF THE EMPRESS.

The sailor Nagorny, who was in attendance on the young Tsarevitch, and a valet named Ivan Sedniev, were shot by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg, at the beginning of June 1918. "Their only crime," writes M. Gilliard, "had been their inability to hide their indignation when they saw the Bolshevik commissaries seize the little gold chain by which holy images were hung on the sick-bed of Alexis Nicolaievitch." The window of the room where the massacre took place is the second from left (on ground floor) in the top middle photograph. Above it is the window of the Grand Duchesses' room, and to the right of that the

windows of the room used by the Emperor and Empress and their son. Yourovsky, who arranged the massacre and himself shot the Emperor and the Tsarevitch, replaced a previous gaoler, Avdiev, who proved too kind. M. Gilliard writes: "The crime, we know, was decided at Moscow by Sverdlov (President of the Central Executive Committee). Sverdlov was the head and Yourovsky the arm." The swastika pencilled by the Empress in an embrasure of her window is seen in the left-hand lower photograph covered with a glass plaque fastened by seals. The two jewels are a cross of emeralds and diamond pendant.

had the Commissary Avdiev, commander of the "house for special use"—that was what Ipatiev's house was called.

The circumstances were much more painful than at Tobolsk. Avdiev was an inveterate drunkard, who allowed his brutal instincts full play, and he and his subordinates exercised their ingenuity in discovering new humiliations daily for those whom they guarded.

On their arrival at Ekaterinburg (May 23) the Tsarevitch and his three sisters were taken to Ipatiev's house, where they expected to find their parents. It was a great joy to meet again. They were so happy to be reunited after all the terrors of separation. A few hours later Kharitonov, old Troup, and little Leonid Sedniev were brought in. As to the others—General Tatichchev, Countess Hendrikov, and Volkov—they were taken straight to prison.

On the 24th, Tchamadourov, having fallen ill, was taken to the prison hospital: there he was forgotten and managed to escape miraculously. Some days later, Nagorny and Ivan Sedniev were imprisoned too. After a short captivity, they were shot at the beginning of June, in the

ruffians, for the greater part Austro-German, prisoners of war, Letts, Chinese, etc., who really are richly-paid executioners. At Ekaterinburg the Tchrezvytchaika was all-powerful; its most influential members were Commissaries Yourovsky and Golochtchokin.

Avdiev was under the immediate control of the other Commissaries, members of the Presidium and the Tchrezvytchaika. They lost no time in discovering the change which had come over the guards in regard to the prisoners, and determined to take some radical measures. At Moscow, too, anxiety was felt, as proved by the following telegram sent from Ekaterinburg by Bieloborodov to Sverdlov and Golochtchokin (who was then in Moscow): "Syromolotov has just left for Moscow to organise the affair according to orders of the Centre. Apprehensions vain. Anxiety useless. Avdiev changed, Moshkin arrested. Avdiev replaced by Yourovsky. Interior guard changed, replaced by others." This telegram is dated July 4.

On that day Avdiev and his subordinate Moshkin were arrested and replaced by Commissary Yourovsky, a Jew, and his underling Nikoulin. The guard, consisting, as has already been said exclusively of Russian workmen, was transferred to a neighbouring house, that of Popov.

Yourovsky brought ten men with him—nearly all of them Austro-German prisoners of war—"chosen" amongst the executioners of the Tchrezvytchaika. From that day onward they were on guard in the interior—the exterior posts were guarded by Russians.

The "house for special use" had become a dependency of the Tchrezvytchaika, and the life of the prisoners now became one long martyrdom.

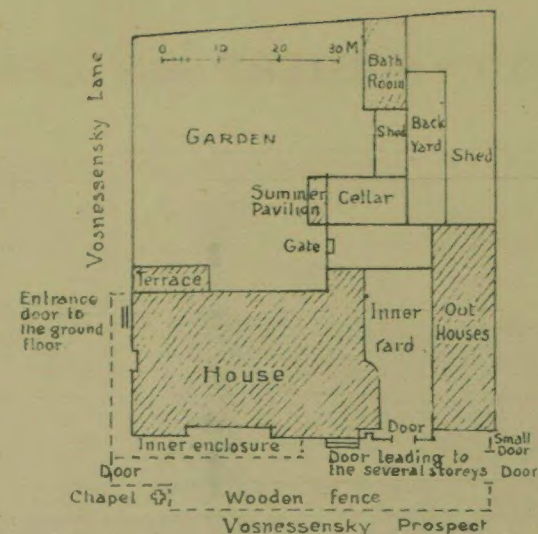
At this period, the death of the Imperial Family had already been decided on in Moscow. The telegram quoted above proves it. Syromolotov had left for Moscow "in order to organise the affair according to the orders of the Centre." He returned with Golochtchokin, bringing the instructions and directions of Sverdlov. In the meantime, Yourovsky was settling matters. He went out riding daily, he visited the neighbourhood seeking a suitable place where he could make away

with the bodies of his victims. And this man, whose cynicism is unsurpassed, goes to see the Tsarevitch, who is in bed! Several days went by; Golochtchokin and Syromolotov returned. All is ready.

On Sunday, July 14, Yourovsky sends for a priest, Father Storozhev, and allows a religious service. The prisoners had been condemned to die and religious consolation could not be denied them.

The next day he gave orders that little Leonid Sedniev should be taken to Popov's house, where the Russian guard was. Between six and seven in the evening he tells Peter Medvedev, in whom he has complete confidence—Medvedev was at the head of the Russian workmen—to bring him twelve Nagant revolvers in the possession of the Russian guard. And when this has been done he tells him that the whole Imperial Family shall be put to death that same night, and that he had better inform the Russians of this later. Medvedev announces it to them at 10 o'clock.

A little after midnight, Yourovsky entered the room occupied by the Imperial Family, awakened them and their followers, and told them to follow him. The pretext given is that he must take them away, that the town is in a state of revolt, and that in the meantime they will be in greater security on the lower storey. They were soon ready. Some little things



SHOWING THE HOUSE (LEFT LOWER CORNER) WHERE THE MASSACRE OCCURRED: A PLAN OF THE IPATIEV ESTATE AT EKATERINBURG.

and cushions were taken, then they descended by the inside staircase which led to the yard, the entrance to the ground-floor rooms. Yourovsky went first with Nikoulin, then the Emperor carrying the Tsarevitch, the Empress, the Grand Duchesses, Dr. Botkin, Anna Demidova, Kharitonov and Troup. The prisoners remained in the room indicated to them by Yourovsky. They were told that carriages or motors were being fetched to take them away. As they might have long to wait, they asked for chairs. Three were brought in. The Tsarevitch, who could not stand owing to his bad leg, sat down in the middle of the room; the Emperor took the chair on his left; Dr. Botkin stood on his right, a little to the back. The Empress sat down near the wall, (to the right of the door through which they came in), not far from the window. A cushion had been put on her chair as well as on that of the Tsarevitch. One of her daughters stood behind her, probably Tatiana. In the corner of the room, on the same side, stood Anna, with two cushions in her arms. The three other Grand Duchesses leaned against the wall, and Kharitonov and old Troup stood in the corner on their right. They waited a few moments longer, then

[Continued overleaf.]



SHOWING EKATERINBURG, WHERE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WERE MURDERED, AND TOBOLSK, THEIR PREVIOUS PLACE OF CAPTIVITY: THE REGION OF THE URALS.

neighbourhood of Ekaterinburg. The small number of followers who had been left to the prisoners was rapidly diminishing. Luckily, they still had Dr. Botkin, whose devotion was admirable, and a few servants whose fidelity was above reproach.

The Emperor, the Empress, and the Tsarevitch occupied a room which formed the corner of the square and the Vosnessensky Lane; the four Grand Duchesses the adjoining room, the door of which had been taken away. During the first night they slept on the floor, as they had no beds. Dr. Botkin slept in the sitting-room, and the maid of the Empress in the room at the corner of Vosnessensky Lane and the garden. As to the others, they were installed in the kitchen and the adjacent room.

The state of health of Alexis Nicolaievitch had been greatly impaired by the fatigues of the journey; he stayed in bed the greater part of the day, and when they went out for a walk, the Emperor used to carry him to the garden.

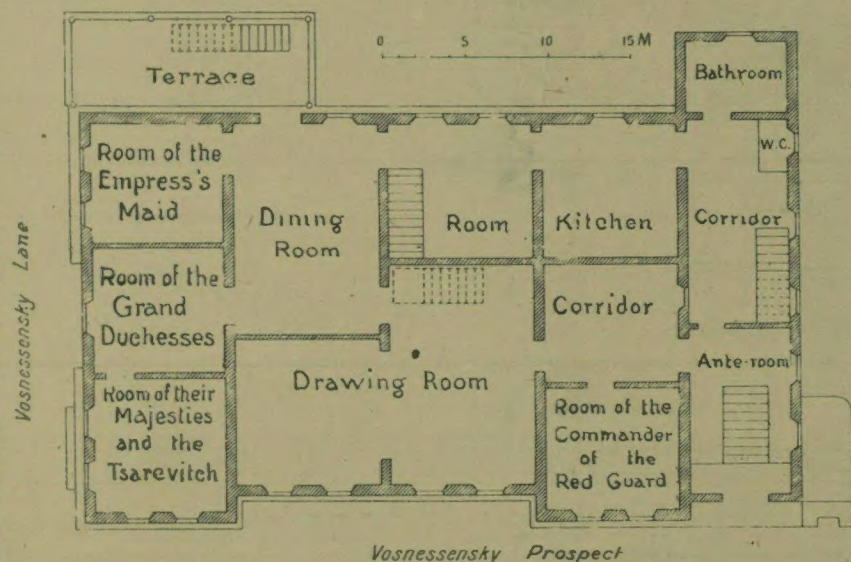
The family and the servants used to take their meals with the Commissaries, who inhabited the same floor as they did, and had to live in hourly promiscuity with rough men who were usually drunk.

The house had been surrounded by an enclosure of planks, which transformed it into a real fortress-prison. Sentinels were posted outside and in. The room of the commander—the first that one came to—was occupied by Avdiev and his subordinate Moshkin, and some workmen. The remainder of the guard occupied the basement, but the men used to go to the upper storey and enter the rooms occupied by the Imperial Family whenever they felt inclined.

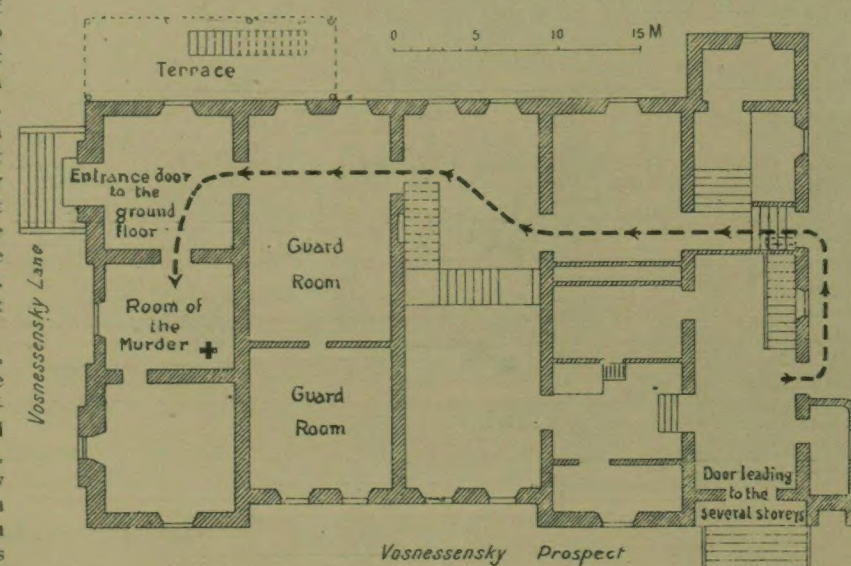
Gradually, however, the guards became more human. They were amazed by the simplicity of their prisoners, attracted by their kindness, and conquered by their serene dignity, and soon they felt themselves dominated by those whom they thought were in their power. Even the drunkard Avdiev felt disarmed by so much fortitude; he was conscious of his own infamy. Pity succeeded ferocity.

THE MASSACRE.

The Soviet authorities at Ekaterinburg comprised: (a) The Council of the Ural region, consisting of about thirty members, the President of which was Commissary Bieloborodov; (b) The Presidium, a kind of executive committee consisting of a few members, Bieloborodov, Golochtchokin, Syromolotov, Safarov, Voikov, etc.; (c) The Tchrezvytchaika, the popular name for the "Extraordinary Commission for the fight against counter-revolution and speculation," the centre of which is in Moscow, and which has branches throughout Russia. This is a formidable organisation, which is the real basis of Soviet rule. Each section receives its orders direct from Moscow and fulfils them in its own way. Every Tchrezvytchaika of any importance has at its disposal



SHOWING THE ROOMS WHERE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY SLEPT, AND THE PASSAGES THEY TRAVERSED TO GO DOWNSTAIRS: A PLAN OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE IPATIEV HOUSE.



SHOWING THE DEATH-CHAMBER AND THE WAY TO IT TAKEN BY THE IMPERIAL FAMILY: A PLAN OF THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE IPATIEV HOUSE. On the night of the murder the Imperial Family, after being awakened, passed through the dining-room and kitchen on the first floor and down the stairs on the right; thence by the route indicated to the death-chamber on the ground floor.

THE MYSTERY OF EKATERINBURG SOLVED: A GHASTLY REVELATION.



WITH CINDER-HEAPS CONTAINING FRAGMENTS OF TOILET ARTICLES: THE GRAND DUCHESSES' ROOM.



WHERE THE TSAR, HIS WIFE, AND SON WERE ROUSED AT MIDNIGHT TO BE SHOT: THEIR ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF IPATIEV.

DESCRIBING the death-chamber as he afterwards found it, M. Gilliard says: "Its aspect was sinister beyond all expression. Daylight only penetrated through a barred window. The walls and floor-boards bore numerous marks of bullets and bayonet-thrusts. One realised at a glance that a hideous crime had been committed there, and that several persons had met their deaths.

But who? How many?" Of the actual massacre he writes: "Yurovsky advances and says to the Emperor: 'Your people wished to save you, but they did not succeed, and we are obliged to put you to death.' He at once raises his revolver and fires at the Emperor, who falls riddled. It is the signal for a general volley. Each of the murderers has chosen his victim."



"IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL VOLLEY. EACH OF THE MURDERERS HAS CHOSEN HIS VICTIM. ANASTASIA IS ONLY WOUNDED—SHE SUCCUMBS TO BAYONET THRUSTS": THE DEATH-CHAMBER AFTER THE MASSACRE OF THE TSAR AND HIS FAMILY.

The fate of the Emperor Nicholas and his family remained for long a mystery. All sorts of reports were spread, and even after circumstantial stories of the massacre had appeared rumours lingered that some of them had escaped. The Bolsheviks themselves were afraid to publish the truth, fearing the anger of the Russian people, and issued a lying proclamation which, though it announced the execution of the Tsar, gave the impression that the Empress and children had been transferred to a safer place. Not until M. Gilliard published his account of

the true facts has the full extent of the ghastly tragedy been placed beyond a doubt. It has finally destroyed any hope that the Bolsheviks might have shown mercy to four young and beautiful girls and their little brother, innocent of political intrigue and not responsible for the accident of their birth in an imperial house. Along with the Emperor and his family fell their devoted medical attendant, Dr. Botkin, and three others—Anna Demidova, the Empress's maid; Kharitonoff, the chef; and an old footman named Troup.

Yurovsky suddenly came into the room with seven Austro-Germans and two of his friends, Commissaries Ermakov and Voganov, two of the Tchrezvytchaika's hangmen. Medvedev was also present. Yurovsky went up to the Emperor and said: "Your friends wished to save you, but they have not been successful and we are obliged to put you to death." Thereupon he pulled out his revolver and shot straight at the Emperor, who fell immediately. That was the signal for a general firing. Each of the murderers had chosen his victim. Yurovsky dealt with the Emperor and the Tsarevitch. Most of the prisoners died on the spot. Alexis Nicolaievitch, however, moaned feebly. Yurovsky made an end of him. Anastasia Nicolaievna, who was only wounded, started shrieking when the murderers approached; she fell under bayonet thrusts. Anna Demidova was alive, thanks to her cushions, behind which she hid. She ran from side to side and finally fell, too, under the murderers' blows.

The depositions of witnesses have enabled the investigators to prove all the horrors of this awful massacre. These witnesses are Paul Medvedev, one of the murderers; Anatole Yakimov, who certainly was a spectator of the drama, though he denied it; and Philip Proskouriakov, who related the particulars of the crime according to the account of other spectators. All three were members of the guards of Ipatiev's house.

When all was over, the Commissaries took the jewels off their victims, and the bodies were transported on sheets and stretchers to the motor lorry which was at the door of the yard, in the wooden enclosure.

THE FUNERAL INCINERATION.

They had to hurry before day broke. The funeral cortege passed through the sleeping town in the direction of the forest. Commissary Vaganov rode at its head, as all encounters must be avoided. Just as the clearing was reached he saw a cart approaching with some peasants in it. It was a woman of the village of Koptiaki, who left home in the night with her son and daughter-in-law to come and sell some fish in the town. They were ordered to turn back at once. In order to ensure this, he rode back with them, and forbade them under pain of death to turn back and look behind. But the woman had had time to see the great, dark mass which followed the rider. When she was back in her village she told what she had seen. The peasants became curious and went to find out what it all was about, and came across the cordon of sentinels in the forest.

After great difficulties, as the roads were very bad, the lorry reached the clearing. The bodies were placed on the ground and partly undressed. It was then that the Commissaries discovered a large quantity of jewels which the Grand Duchesses had hidden under their clothes. They took possession of these, but in their hurry they let some of them drop on the ground, and these were trodden down. The bodies were cut in sections and placed on large stakes, and the fire helped with benzene. The more resisting parts were destroyed with sulphuric acid. For three days and three nights the murderers laboured at their work of destruction under the direction of Yurovsky and his two friends Ermakov and Vaganov. One hundred and seventy-five kilograms of sulphuric acid, and over three hundred litres of benzene were brought from the town to the clearing.

At last, on July 20, all was over. The murderers made away with all traces of the stakes, and the ashes were thrown into the mine-shaft or dispersed round about the clearing, so that nothing should be revealed of what had happened.

Why did these men take such care to efface all trace of their action? Why did they hide like criminals when they pretended they were doing justice? And from whom did they hide?

Paul Medvedev tells us this in his deposition. After the crime Yurovsky came up to him and

said: "Guard the outer posts for fear that the people revolt!" And during the days that followed the sentinels guarded the empty house, as though nothing had happened and the prisoners were behind the enclosure.

The Russian people had to be deceived, and were not to know.

Another fact which proves this, is the precaution taken on July 4 to remove Avdiyev and take away the Russian guard. The Commissaries no longer trusted these workmen from the Verkh-Isitski works and the factory of Zlokazov Brothers, who had rallied to the cause and who had come of their own free will to guard "Nicholas the Sanguinary." It was because they knew that only convicts or foreigners, hired executioners, would consent to do that infamous job. The executioners were—Yurovsky, a Jew; Medvedev, Nikoulin, Ermakov, Vaganov, Russian convicts; and seven Austro-Germans.

Yes; these men hid from the Russian people, whose representatives they pretended to be. They feared it, and were afraid of its vengeance.

Cossacks, in the person of its President, approves the action of the Presidium of the Ural Council.

The President of the Central Executive Committee—Y. Sverdlov.

In this document a case is made of the death sentence supposed to be pronounced by the Ekaterinburg Presidium against Nicholas II. Lie! We know that the crime was decided on in Moscow by Sverdlov, and the instructions were brought to Yurovsky by Golochtchokin and Syromolotov.

Sverdlov was the head, and Yurovsky the arm; they were both Jews.

The Emperor was neither condemned nor even judged—he was assassinated. What, then, can be said of the Empress, her children, Dr. Botkin, and the three servants who died with them? But what do the murderers care? They are certain of impunity. The bullet has killed, the flame has destroyed, and the earth has covered over what the flame could not devour. Oh! they are quiet; none of them will speak, as they are bound by infamy. And it seemed quite plausible for Commissary Voikov to exclaim: "The world will never know what we have done with them!"

But these men were mistaken.

After some months' groping, the inquiry started a systematic search in the forest. Every inch of ground was ransacked and explored, and now the mine-shaft, the ground of the clearing, and the grass revealed their secret. Hundreds of objects and fragments of objects, mostly trampled into the ground, were discovered, identified, and classified by the inquiry. Among other things were found: the buckle of the Emperor's belt, a fragment of his cap, the little frame which contained the portrait of the Empress—the photograph is missing—which the Emperor always carried with him, etc.

The favourite ear-rings of the Empress (one was broken), pieces of her dress, a glass from her spectacles, recognisable owing to their special shape, etc.

A buckle of the Tsarevitch's belt, buttons, and pieces of his coat, etc.

Numerous small articles belonging to the Grand Duchesses—fragments of their necklaces, of their boots, buttons, hooks, fasteners, etc.

Six metal corset busks, a number which speaks for itself when one recalls the victims—the Empress, the four Grand Duchesses, and Anna Demidova, maid of the Empress.

The artificial teeth of Dr. Botkin, fragments of his glasses, buttons off his clothes, etc.

And, lastly, bones and fragments of burnt bones, partly destroyed by the acid, and which have occasional marks of a saw or some other sharp instrument; revolver bullets—those, doubtless, which had remained in the bodies; and quite a large quantity of melted lead.

A lamentable collection of relics, which leaves no hope, and which proves the truth in all its brutality and horror. Commissary Voikov was mistaken—"The world knows what had been done to them."

The murderers began to get anxious. The agents they had left at Ekaterinburg in order to mislead the investigations kept them informed of the progress of the inquiry. They followed it step by step. And when they realised that the whole world would soon know what had occurred they tried to shift the responsibility of their crime on to others—they accused the Socialist Revolutionaries of being the criminals, and of trying to compromise the Bolshevik party. In September 1919, 28 persons falsely accused of having taken part in the murder of the Imperial Family were arrested by them at Perm and tried. Five among them were condemned to death and executed.

This odious comedy shows the cynicism of these men, who did not hesitate to send innocent persons to death in order to free themselves from the responsibility of one of the greatest crimes in history.



SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE THE BODIES OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY WERE BURNED (MARKED WITH A CROSS NEAR LEFT TOP CORNER): A MAP OF EKATERINBURG AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Finally, on July 20, they decided to break the silence and to announce to the people the death of the Emperor in a proclamation put up in the streets of Ekaterinburg on that day. Five days later, the Perm papers published the following declaration—

DECISION

of the Presidium of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, and Red Guards of the Ural region:

Owing to the fact that Czecho-Slovak bands threaten the Red capital of the Ural, Ekaterinburg, and that the crowned executioner can escape the tribunal of the people (a plot of the White Guards has been discovered to free the whole Romanov Family), the Presidium of the Committee of the Region, executing the will of the people, has decided that ex-Tsar Nicholas Romanov, guilty before the people of numerous bloody crimes, shall be shot.

The decision of the Presidium of the Council of the region was executed in the night of July 16 to 17. The Romanov Family has been transferred from Ekaterinburg to a safer spot.

The Presidium of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, and Red Guards of the Ural region.

DECISION

of the Presidium of the Executive Central Committee of All the Russias, July 18.

The Executive Central Committee of the Council of Deputies, Workmen, Peasants, Red Guards, and

A CRIME HID FROM THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE: THE FOREST'S SECRET.

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WHERE THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY WERE BURNT: M. SOKOLOV AT THE REMAINS OF A BONFIRE.



WHERE MANY RELICS OF THE VICTIMS WERE FOUND: M. SOKOLOV EXAMINING ASHES NEAR THE MINE-SHAFT.



ON THE "FUNERAL ROUTE" OF THE MASSACRED IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD: THE POINT IN THE FOREST OF GANINA WHERE THE WAGON-FULL OF CORPSES TURNED INTO A WOODLAND TRACK ON ITS WAY TO THE PLACE OF INCINERATION.



THE "TOMB" OF NICHOLAS II. AND HIS FAMILY: THE MINE-SHAFT INTO WHICH THE ASHES WERE THROWN.

Immediately after the massacre the Bolshevik murderers carried the bodies of their victims secretly by night to a clearing in the forest of Ganina, and there burnt the remains, throwing the ashes into a mine-shaft or scattering them on the ground. As M. Gilliard asks, if they pretended to be doing the work of justice, why conceal the deed like criminals? From whom did they wish to conceal it? The answer is, they were afraid of the Russian people. When Ekaterinburg fell to General Koltchak on July 25, 1918, nine days after the murders, an official



ON THE TRACK OF A GREAT CRIME: EXPLORATION WORK AT THE MINE-SHAFT FOR THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

inquiry was instituted, of which M. Nicolas Sokolov later took charge as *juge d'instruction*. Patient search revealed the whole story of the burning of the corpses in a forest clearing, and many relics of the dead were found there. In March 1920, after the downfall of Koltchak and the return of the Bolsheviks, M. Sokolov, M. Gilliard, and General Diteriks, who were then at Kharbin, rescued these relics and the records of the inquiry, with the aid of the French General Janin, and arranged for their despatch to Europe.

THE RITUAL OF THE LAW: THE DIVORCE COURT, WHOSE WORK "HAS NOW ASSUMED GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS."

AN IMPRESSION BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.



A BRANCH OF LAW WHICH THE LORD CHANCELLOR PROPOSES TO REFORM: A TYPICAL DIVORCE COURT SCENE—JUNIOR COUNSEL EXAMINING A WITNESS.

In one of his recent articles suggesting various reforms in the working of the Courts, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead) says: "Our main anxieties arise from the enormous increase of business in the King's Bench Division, and in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. . . . The work of the Divorce Court, so far from falling off during the war, continually increased, and has now assumed gigantic proportions." The remedy he proposes, in the Bill he has introduced into the House of Lords, is to send certain provincial cases for trial on circuit by a King's Bench Judge, instead of bringing them to London. Already the services of King's Bench Judges are lent to the Divorce Court, to relieve the pressure. In the drawing, the Judge is seen in the centre background. On the left is the witness-box, with a woman witness being examined by a junior counsel (standing on the right). Behind him is the jury. In front of

the Judge's desk sit the Clerks of the Court. To the left of them is one of the two Ushers, and to the left of him are Press reporters in their box, with a messenger waiting to carry "copy" to the newspaper offices. There is another reporters' box on the right, hidden from view. On the front bench sit parties concerned in the case, with their solicitors. The second bench is occupied by senior counsel, the third by junior counsel, the fourth is a solicitors' bench, and then come seats for witnesses waiting to be called. This Court is also used for Admiralty cases; hence the large map on the right wall, required when the Prize Court is sitting, and the anchor device over the Judge's seat. On such occasions the Judge is preceded by the Marshal carrying a silver oar, which is placed on the crutches in front of his desk. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IT is hard to keep track of the tendencies of poetry in these latter days, when everybody, even the inmates of our nurseries, is lisping in numbers, even when the numbers refuse to come. I have often been asked to recommend a guide to the new allotments on Parnassus (mostly on the broad, lower slopes that lapse imperceptibly into the levels of prose, I am afraid), and the very thing has at last appeared in "SOME CONTEMPORARY POETS, 1920" (Leonard Parsons; 7s. 6d. net), by Harold Monroe, who is not only a competent and catholic-minded critic, but also a poet of real distinction himself, whose sincerity cannot be challenged. He is also the founder of the Poetry Bookshop.

The origin of the "Georgian" poetry is thus described by this inspiring critic. "About 1890," he writes, "literary language had passed into a condition of the utmost stultification. A century filled with poets of every denomination and of extreme productiveness had drained our poetic vocabulary to its lees." An antidote to the "bulky pomposity of late Victorianism" was required, and it arrived at the psychological moment in "A Shropshire Lad," which at once became popular and has remained so ever since. The ease with which the small, simple lyrics could be imitated made them a dominating influence which persists even to-day. The Georgian Muse is still suffering from Housman's Knee. There were, of course, deeper tendencies at work. The younger generation had become sick to death of the solemn diction and abdolla-cloak of the "bard," his mechanic devices in rhyme and rhythm, his posing as a personage apart whose mission was to teach rather than delight an audience. There was a disposition among the youngest poets to throw over all the old technique, and to seek new forms and a new and simpler vocabulary in the common speech of common folk. Once more—for the fourth or fifth time—the vernacular was discovered, and its beautiful intonations, as useful also as Elizabethan tankards made to drink out of, were wrought into the new vesture of imaginative thought. But, as was inevitable, the later attempts to dispense with technique altogether were a failure. Either they were abandoned as impracticable, or the experimentalists found themselves involved in the wild "Futurism" which culminated in the absurdities of Marinetti and his disciples. But the thoroughgoing Georgian is still ashamed of making a fine phrase or a quotable

line, though it is already true to say that he tramples on technique with a technique of his very own. Mr. Monroe does not include the extremists either of the "left" or of the "right" in his survey of the twentieth-century poetic movement. He probably dislikes the Futurists as much as he likes not Mr. Noyes ("no other poet of our time, not even the late Mrs. Wilcox, nor John Oxenham, has won so spurious a reputation," he emphatically declares), or the "virulent talent" of Sir William Watson. I myself have a secret tenderness for the French and Italian Futurists, not only because they provide modern literature with a

she "moves with comparative comfort among the shrill flowers of hell, through a spangled and plumed atmosphere infested with parrots, parrakeets, apes, mandolines, and deluded Pantaloon, amid the boom of falling wooden fruits under a paper sky." His severity, it will be seen, is mitigated not only with understanding kindness, but also with a sense of humour.

Humour in verse is so rare and refreshing that "THE LAYS OF A LIMPET" (Selwyn and Blount; 3s. 6d. net), by Edward McCurdy, shall take precedence over all the serious stuff. The interview in Sapphics with a naval officer—

Really, how these interviews break one's morning!
Barely settled down and I hear a sailor
Been here now for hours—"have I time
to see him?" "Yes, I suppose so,"

gets the departmental atmosphere to a nicety. "FLOWERS IN THE GRASS" (Constable; 5s. net), by Maurice Hewlett, is sub-entitled "Wiltshire Plainsong," but such a stanza as—

Happy pipes the blackbird
In the flusht apple tree;
And the wren in the quickset
Happy is he,

suggests that the poet is really a lad from Shropshire who had the company of W. H. Davies for part of the way. There is none of this countrified posing in "SHOOTS IN THE STUBBLE" (Daniel; 5s. net), by Max Plowman, who is not afraid to find a rich joy in marriage warm and kind and the fruits thereof. "SONGS OF DONEGAL" (Jenkins; 5s. net), by Patrick McGill, takes one to a land between Ireland and the "Irish Litt," and such lines as—

Butter butts in the pantry stored, sticks
of eels in the kitchen,

dimly recall Ferguson's fine lyric of a hospitable and abundant land. In "SHIPS AND FOLKS" (Elkin Mathews; 6s. net), by C. Fox Smith, we are off to sea with sailormen who can give shrewd advice to brisk young fellows, and once more we reach the haven (best described by Masfield)—

Far beyond that scarlet sunset flaming down behind
Japan,

which lies half a world away and across a gulf of many, many years. Finally, I come to "THE SECRET" (Elkin Mathews; 6s. net), by Laurence Binyon, which contains sixty of that subtle craftsman's faint and elusive lyrics—"ghosts of jewels" I have heard them called.



AN ANIMAL THAT TURNS YELLOWISH-WHITE IN WINTER IN COLD CLIMATES:
AN ARGYLLSHIRE STOAT, IN "FULL WINTER PELAGE."

"In summer, the outer fur of the upper parts is a russet-brown. . . . In winter, in cold climates, all the brown hairs . . . become white, but show a yellow suffusion. . . . The above is a specimen obtained in Argyllshire in January 1919, which shows the full winter pelage."

From a 12 in. by 10 in. Colour-plate (by the Author) in "British Mammals," by A. Thorburn, F.Z.S.
By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green. (See Review on another Page.)

centre of levity, but also because of a little adventure of my own with those literary Bolshies. Years ago I fashioned a "spoof" Futurist poem—in four parallel columns, giving the menu of a dinner, the grunts of the subterman and the imagery of the superman, and the appropriate musical directions for each course—which deceived Marinetti himself, then on a visit to London, into believing I was a serious and powerful disciple. It was explained to him that I was merely poking fun at the movement, but he thought the explanation was prompted by professional jealousy, and still sends me Christmas gifts of manifestoes and amazing masterpieces. Mr. Monroe is very sarcastic on the subject of Edith Sitwell (who inclines to the Futurist philosophy), saying that



FOUND IN THE SCILLY ISLES AND ELSEWHERE IN BRITISH WATERS:
THE GREY SEAL—A BLACK MALE (LEFT) AND GREY SPOTTED MALE (IN FRONT).

"The grey seal inhabits the North Atlantic. . . . It is abundant along the northern coasts of Europe. . . . In England it is rather rare, but a fair-sized colony inhabits the Scilly Islands. . . . In Scotland it is much more common. . . . This species is also plentiful in Ireland."



WITH A BRISTLY MOUSTACHE, AND TUSKS USED FOR FIGHTING, GRUBBING AND
CLIMBING: THE WALRUS (SCANDINAVIAN HVALROS, OR "WHALE-HORSE").

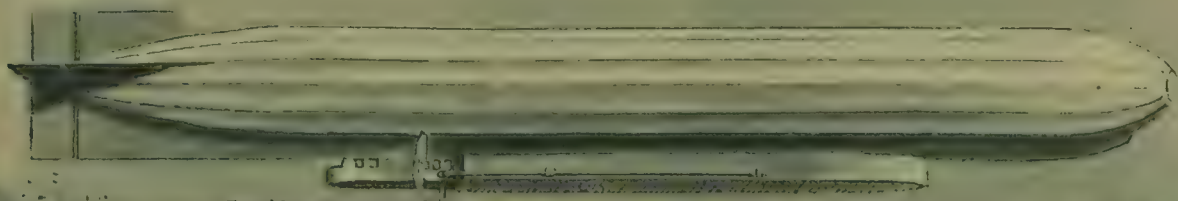
"The walrus . . . inhabits the Polar Seas and has only rarely been seen or captured in British waters. The tusks, possessed by both sexes, are used as weapons . . . also when grubbing up molluscs. . . . They are also said to be a help in climbing ice or rocks. . . . A single young one is born at a time."

From 12 in. by 10 in. Colour-plates (by the Author) in "British Mammals" by A. Thorburn, F.Z.S. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green. (See Review on another Page.)

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.

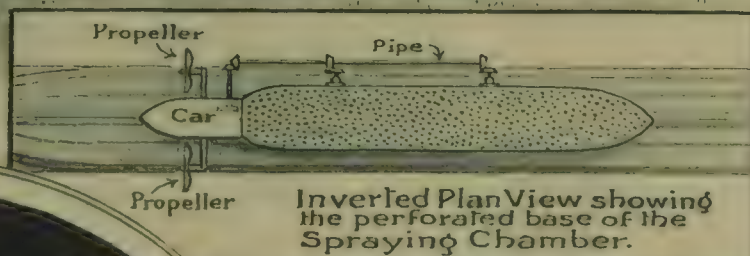
Watering crops by Airship



Suction Pipe

(Fig 1)

Airship equipped with Tank and Spraying Chamber, behind which is the Car carrying the necessary driving and controlling mechanism. The machine is shown watering crops during drought.



Inverted Plan View showing the perforated base of the Spraying Chamber.



(Fig 3)



A New Device to be applied to the human face for holding a cigar etc in or adjacent to the mouth. Prevents a careless smoker from laying down a lighted cigarette on some object liable to be burnt or injured.

Fig 4

Support for Cigarettes

Weight borne by the clip and not by the teeth.

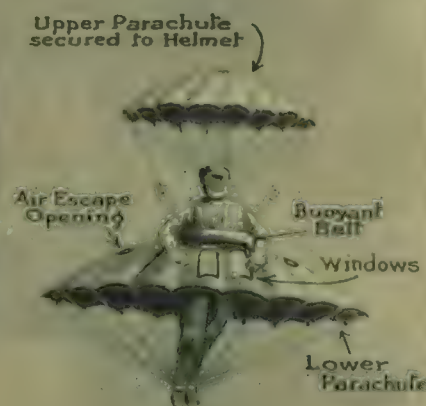


Fig 2

Utilizing Interplanetary Electricity—Electricity is collected from the interplanetary ether by means of a specially constructed cable which is projected through the earth's atmosphere by any suitable means, about 20 miles. It is stated that the "electric force of the ether" will then draw out the cable "the few hundred miles remaining", and afterwards maintain it in an erect position.



An Umbrella of "special artistic form"



(Fig 5) Safety Suit for Aviators.

MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES II.—AN AIRSHIP AS RAIN-CLOUD; TAPPING THE ETHER FOR ELECTRICITY; A SMOKER'S "NOSE-BAG"; PARACHUTE-DRESS FOR AIRMEN; ARTISTIC UMBRELLAS.

We continue here the series begun in our last issue illustrating various ingenious inventions whose designs are at present lying dormant in the archives of the Patent Office. Who is it writes of "every pelling, petty officer" producing his own thunder, "as Jove himself thunders"? It is only a step from this—and an easy one, it would seem—to produce our own rain by an airship acting as a sort of aerial water-cart. The suction-pipe is for drawing up water from ponds, lakes, rivers, or reservoirs. The inventor of a plan for projecting a wire hundreds of miles up into the air above the earth's atmosphere, to draw electric power from the interplanetary ether, feels the initial difficulty

of getting his wire into position. "The cable," he suggests, "might be raised by aircraft to the limit of the earth's atmosphere (about twenty miles), or nearly so, and thence projected. . . . or might be shot from the earth's surface by a very powerful cannon. The electric force in the ether will raise the end of the cable through the few hundred miles remaining." The parachute dress for airmen "nimble recommends itself." In an umbrella, perhaps utility is more important than artistic fancy. The careless smoker, one fears, might be too careless to adjust the nose-clip holder for cigars or cigarettes, apart from considerations of personal appearance.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO RICE-EATING COUNTRIES LIKE JAPAN: AN AGRICULTURAL MARVEL OF THE PHILIPPINES.



A WONDERFUL SYSTEM OF TERRACED RICE-FIELDS IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON:
IN THE PHILIPPINES. TO

In one of the wildest and most remote regions of Luzon, the chief island of the Philippine Archipelago, are to be seen these wonderful terraced rice-fields cut by native labour in the mountain-sides, and resembling nothing so much as an enormous natural amphitheatre. The district is inhabited by a primitive tribe known as the Bontoc Igorrotes, a people much addicted to tattooing, who are believed to be partly of Mongolian race. They are in a general way uncivilised, but, by a curious contrast, necessity has led them to produce this marvellous piece of landscape gardening on a colossal scale, in order to till the soil of their mountainous land to the best advantage. By means of these terraces, the steepest slopes are converted into fertile fields for the production of rice, the staple food of the islands. The terraces are

MOUNTAIN-SIDES ADAPTED BY THE BONTOC IGORROTES, A NATIVE TRIBE
THE USES OF AGRICULTURE.

connected by irrigation canals which provide an equal and regular flow of water. The Philippines, it may be recalled, were discovered by Magellan, the great Portuguese navigator, in 1521, and he was killed there, on the island of Mactan, in that year. In 1566 Spain finally occupied the islands, and retained them until the Spanish-American War in 1898, when the Spanish fleet was destroyed in Manila Bay. By the Treaty of Paris in the same year the Philippines were awarded to the United States, against whose forces a guerrilla warfare was kept up for some years by the Philippine leader, Aguinaldo, who proclaimed a republic. Obviously, a great rice-eating country like Japan takes especial interest in such a source of supply.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

THE week before Christmas brought us two revues—"It's All Wrong," mainly by Miss Elsie Janis, at the Queen's; and "Jumble Sale," mainly by Mr. J. H. Turner, but studded with witty lyrics by Mr. Reginald Azkell. "Jumble Sale" is the better of the twain. It is a revue of spontaneity—of the practised hand combined with satirical imagination. Miss Janis's effort is—well, it is what the word indicates, an effort, the 'prentice

in "Irene" was equally amazing; and, finally, her following in the footsteps of father Robert Hale was so like the proverbial two pins that the audience bestowed on her the greatest of all first-night honours—the demand for a speech. Then Binnie showed that she was unconscious of all her glory, for "Thank you" was all we got from her, but it sounded right from the heart. I should like to write a few paeans of praise for the work of Mr.

Walter Williams, the safe pilot of the Vaudeville cruises; of Miss Phyllis Titmuss, who is gaining in experience and displays a nice sense of character in her various parts; of Miss Joyce Barbour, who sings and dances with charm; of Mr. Eric Blore and Mr. Gilbert Childs, who with Mr. Williams share the gifts of the chameleon; of the clever playlets and skitlets which confirm that Mr. Hastings Turner is a humourist as well as a dramatist,—but, since second-hand records of a revue can never convey the fascination of the thing, let me enjoin my readers to go and see for themselves. There is in this "Jumble Sale" a bargain for everyone, and M. Charlot will, no doubt, in due course inscribe over the portals of the Vaudeville the motto of the Soho restaurateur: "*Venez et vous reviendrez.*" I will!

"Westward Ho!" said the astute Mr. Percy Hutchison, one of the most enterprising managers of the younger generation, when he penetrated Canada, and scored a huge success with his unfailing fetish, "The Luck of the Navy." He found, to his (and our) amazement, that not for five years had an English company of repute visited the great western cities of the

by Mr. Hutchison that Canada is waiting to greet, to honour, and to feast him, is on the high seas; and anon, it is on the cards that two great melodrama companies, and perhaps the complete Gaiety Company, will yield to the temptations of the Magnetic North. Thus, Mr. Percy Hutchison's Canadian enterprise is not only a great business undertaking, but one of patriotic propaganda.

Our Grand Guignol is becoming an institution, and all credit to Mr. José S. Levy for his efforts to give English plays a predominant place in his programme. He has in "Eight O'Clock," by Reginald Berkeley, found a real human document, a most realistic and truthful picture of the dread hour of a criminal's execution. Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote for the late James Welch a similar tragedy of great power, but this little work by the happy author of "French Leave" has the character of the slice of life. In its evenness of construction it is deeply moving: we are as concerned in the sorry struggle of the clergyman who endeavours to preach all-mercifulness to the doomed man as in the anguish of the latter, who, too young to die, waits vainly for reprieve and goes to the scaffold in repentant protest. The acting of Mr. Russell Thorndike and Mr. Lewis Casson, as the condemned man and the clergyman, are worthy of the play. It was wholly untheatrical; it was felt. The audience was deeply impressed. Of the remaining quartet of plays, André de Lorde's "Private Room No. 6" was the best—Sardou in a nutshell and Russia of 1914 on the horizon. A grandee of Tsardom feasts in Paris while dictating pogroms from a safe distance; he has met a woman whom he desires and has invited her to a private room. She is the true type of the flaxen-haired Sonia of Nihilism. Her brother has been killed by order of the tyrant: she, in the gay feathers of a bird of paradise, will wreak vengeance. She watches the wine rising to high tide, she tolerates his brutal caresses, she coaxes and cajoles, then she winds her long white glove around his throat and "garrots" him. Justice is done! Miss Sybil Thorndike was magnificent in this part. She created mystery on her appearance; she wore a vacant look; we scented the catastrophe to come. Her repulsion, her decision, her nerving herself to the fell deed, was intensely dramatic.



LEADING LADIES IN "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL," AT THE LYRIC: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS PRINCESS JULIA, AND MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AS COUNTESS ELOISE DE GOUSSY.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

hand at work with labour and laudable intentions. Where revue is concerned, with its kaleidoscope of scenes—there were twenty-three in "Jumble Sale," twelve in "It's All Wrong"—memory is as unfailing a registrar as a thermometer. Memory exactly marks the rise and fall of your enjoyment. Of "It's All Wrong" I remember very little: a charming ballet à la Russe in Fragonard style, more imitation than parody; a few funny war scenes in an *estaminet* and at a bar, with the ubiquitous Stanley Lupino in excellent form; an attempt to make fun of the nursery of 1950—once again Stanley Lupino, a very funny overgrown baby in surroundings of feeble humour; a lilt of a song by Mr. Herman Finck; and some capital skits on Delysia and Nelson Keys by Miss Elsie Janis, who dances with the grace of a miniature Pavlova and sings several songs. I believe that there was somewhere an attempt at symbolism—conflict between discontent and happiness—but it was so blurred and so diffuse that we lost the trend *en route*. In sum, "It's All Wrong" leaves the impression of the mountain and the mole-hill.

In "Jumble Sale" it is the other way about. It creates great effects with a wonderfully marshalled little company, every member of which has rare versatility. It is an intellectual treat in its endless variety of skits and parodies, some of which, like all good wine, will mature when seasoned. One feels all the time that the librettists and the musician, Mr. Philip Braham, work in perfect harmony of understanding and joy; and the last tableau of all, "A Triumph of Memory"—when all the dear old songs of the good old times, from "Champagne Charley" to "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow," the Sisters Bilton and Albert Chevalier, filed past and made us hum and wobble in our seats—is one of those happy thoughts which in itself means a long life and prosperity. The heroine of the evening was Miss Binnie Hale, the clever daughter of a clever father. She sang herself into fame in less than five minutes in a parody of Miss Phyllis Monkman—something so brilliant, so finely observed and worked out, so mordant, and so deceptive in its amusing realism that we hailed the little actress as a real artist. And that was not all. Her imitation of Miss Day

Dominion. He found wherever he went "open sesame," great enthusiasm, and eagerness to learn more of the drama of the Mother-country, which a good Canadian affectionately calls "home." He was invited to make speeches at the leading clubs, the Kirwanis and the Rotary; from all sides came the clamour, "Send us English plays and musical comedies; we are tired of American control and we will help you." He became acquainted with captains of industry and railway magnates, and found them ready to help with all their might—money no object. As a first token of Canadian earnest, there arose a new theatre in Edmonton, a palace of which London would be proud; it was ready in five months; at Christmas it will be inaugurated with "General Post," which failed when played by an American company and came back triumphant manned by English players, accumulating receipts which dwarf all runs of London box-offices. Then, under the ægis of the millionaires, followed the great combine which acquired one hundred and thirty-six theatres all over Canada, and arranged with Percy Hutchison that he should be the leader of the expeditionary forces from London and the chief comptroller on this side. Already the Esmonds, H. V. and his accomplished wife, Eva Moore, are gathering rich harvest with Esmond's finest comedy, "The Law Divine"; already "The Maid of the Mountains" with a bevy of British belles is conquering every city; as I write, Mr. Martin Harvey, persuaded



LEADING COMEDIANS IN "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL," AT THE LYRIC: MR. JACK HULBERT AS CAPTAIN CONSTANTINE POSCH, AND MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS BARON BOMBA.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

-A shudder ran through the house. Mr. Bealby's General was the type to the life: a *bon vivant* with a certain polish of manner; underneath, the human beast. "*Grattez le Russe, vous trouverez le Tartare.*" It was frightfully thrilling, and we enjoyed it because it was—of the Theatre.

RAMSHACKLE HOUSING IN VIENNA: TUG-BOATS, CAVES, AND TREES.

DRAWN BY KARL HORNSTEIN.



1 AND 3.—ONE OF VIENNA'S ANSWERS TO AN URGENT HOUSING QUESTION: OLD DANUBE TUG-BOATS CONVERTED INTO HOUSE-BOATS.

2. THE VIENNESE BECOMES "ARBOREAL IN HIS HABITS": HOLLOW TREES AND CABINS IN THE PRATER AS SHELTERS FOR THE HOMELESS.

Our late enemies the Austrians, recently admitted to the League of Nations, are suffering severely from the after-effects of war. The national debt is about 70,000,000,000 kronen, and the rate of exchange recently reached 2000 kronen to the pound sterling. The price of food and imported raw materials is still rising. "Bankruptcy, ruin, chaos, and probably territorial disintegration," which would react dangerously on other countries, have been prophesied unless help is

4 A SUBTERRANEAN SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN VIENNA: UNDERGROUND CAVES AS DWELLINGS IN THE SIMMERINGER HEIDE.

5. DISUSED ROLLING STOCK IN A PERMANENT "SIDING": ANCIENT RAILWAY CARRIAGES AS HOMES IN THE ERDBERG QUARTER OF VIENNA.

forthcoming. Among other troubles, the housing problem is acute, owing to the immigration of refugees from the north and the return of war prisoners, and homeless wanderers are driven to all sorts of shifts to find an abode. Even people of social position are sometimes forced to sleep out of doors. Our drawings illustrate some of the most remarkable substitutes for houses now to be seen in and about Vienna.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

It is not often that one hears of good coming out of evil; but certainly it can be said with truth that good, in the shape of an Inter-Allied Union, has come out of the evil of war, for, without the incentive of the great European struggle, the Allied nations would have had no excuse for binding themselves together in a Union which bids fair to have a considerable future of usefulness before it.

It was somewhere about the third year of the war that a few public-spirited gentlemen in Paris conceived the idea of creating a centre where the



JUST OFF TO INDIA: MISS J. MACLENNAN.

Miss J. MacLennan is the daughter of the late Donald MacLennan, of Radnor Hall, Elstree, and of Lady Byrne, the second wife of Sir William Byrne, P.C., K.C.V.O., etc. Miss MacLennan is just off to India on a visit to Mrs. Frank Lyall.

Photograph by Lafayette.

officers of all the Allied armies might meet and enjoy the comforts which would tend to make them feel more at home in a foreign land. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and Baron Henri de Rothschild,

with great generosity, placed the ground floor and garden of his beautiful house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, three doors from the British Embassy, at the disposal of the small committee who had undertaken to organise the scheme. With these magnificent premises at their disposal, the committee were not many days in raising a substantial sum, which enabled them to serve dinners and luncheons to the members at rates far below current restaurant charges—a fact which quickly appealed to the large numbers for whom the committee found themselves called upon to cater. Here indeed was a very public-spirited work which was deeply appreciated by the officers of the twenty-three Allied nations to whom the hospitality of the club was extended.

During the Peace Conference, the membership increased so enormously that Baron Henri de Rothschild was again approached by the Committee, with a view this time to purchasing the whole house and converting it to the uses of the club. Shortly after this, it was felt that ladies should also be admitted to certain parts of the building set aside for their especial use, and a strong ladies' committee was formed, representing as many of the Allied nations as possible.

Frenchwomen have never acquired the club habit, even to the extent that their English and American sisters have, and one knows that there are many women in both those countries who never set foot inside a women's club. With Frenchwomen, some such inducement as bridge-playing or dancing has to be offered, and the ladies' committee of the Inter-Allié have been wise in inaugurating a series of weekly dances and bridge teas.

So far, I have only referred to the social aspect of the club, but there is another and more serious side to it as well. First of all, within the club itself is the Union Inter-allié, with Maréchal Foch as the energetic President, and having for its main object the promotion, by means of lectures and so on, of a better understanding between the various countries which formed the Great Alliance during the late war. Another of its functions is the entertaining of distinguished foreigners who visit the French capital; and thus it came about that last week the Union Inter-allié, on successive days, entertained the British Ambassador in the person of Lord Hardinge, with Maréchal Foch presiding, and Mr. McCormick, a distinguished visitor from the United States.

I have often been struck by the large number of small museums of extraordinary and varied interest scattered all over Paris, the majority of them admirably administered by the Municipality as trustees for the founders. The recent reopening of the Cernuschi Museum of Chinese Art, which is housed in a

beautiful hotel in the Parc Monceau, is an example of what I mean. Here is an amazingly interesting collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery, bronze and wood carving, representing the very best in Chinese and Japanese art, dating from several centuries before the Christian era down to the present day. This collection, we are told, owes its inception to the enthusiasm of two French gentlemen, from one

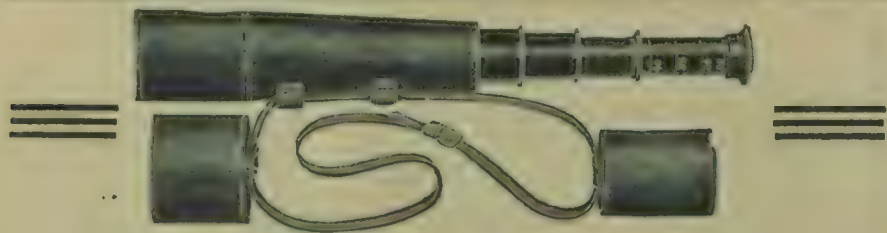
of whom the museum takes its name, who in the East were attracted by the art of the countries in which they found themselves, and began buying without any special knowledge, but with apparently an extremely good *flair*, which is often almost as useful. Such a collection, once embarked upon, would easily become an absorbing passion; and as one wanders through the well-proportioned rooms, where the various objects are beautifully displayed according to periods, one realises what a life work the amassing of such a collection must have become.

I am glad to see that the Musée Carnavalet is to be enriched by a very fine collection of costumes of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which has been on view elsewhere for some time now; they will be an added attraction to what is already one of the most fascinating little museums in Paris.

That well-known firm, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Ltd., of 25, Old Bond Street, W.1, can now boast of a Royal feather in their cap. They have been appointed jewellers and silversmiths to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

ENGAGED TO MR. L. P. B. MERRIAM.
[M.C.: LADY MARJORY KENNEDY.]

Lady Marjory Kennedy is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ailsa. Her engagement to Mr. Lawrence Pierce Merriam, M.C., late Rifle Brigade, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Merriam, has just been announced.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

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Plain hemmed linen sheets, medium
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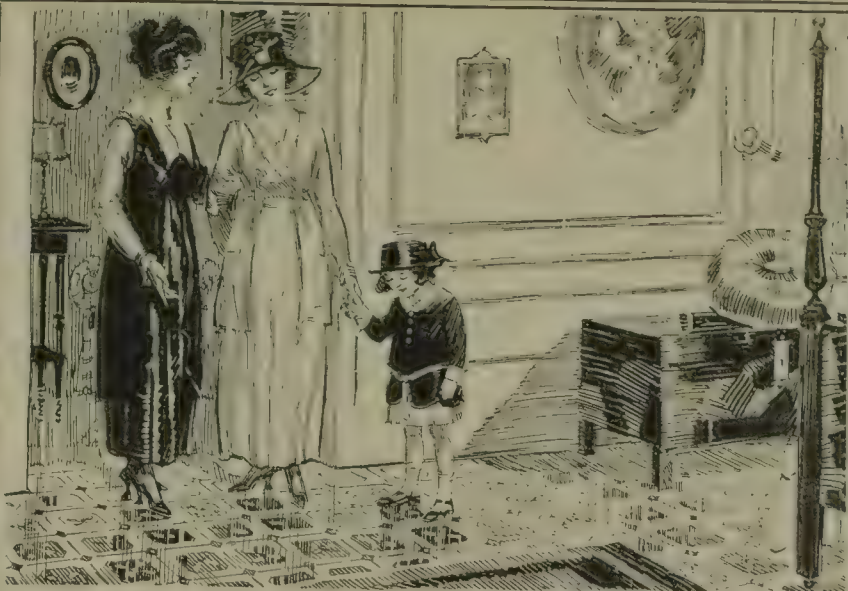
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EVERY beautiful woman who faces the future courageously realises that she must prevent, rather than attempt to eliminate, those tell-tale lines about the mouth, the subtle withering of delicate skin and lips that indicate the progress of the years.

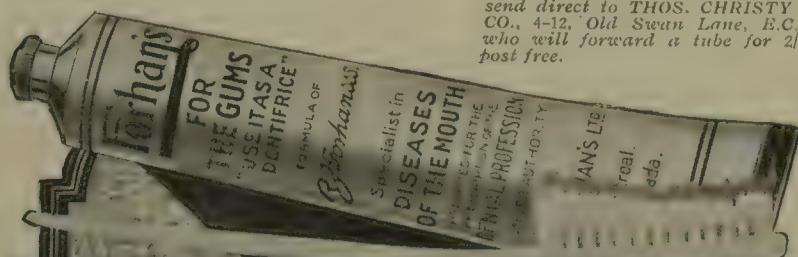
For Pyorrhea, not Time, is the greatest enemy of beauty—Pyorrhea—a disease of the gums which depletes vitality and hastens the brands of age. The gums recede, the pearly teeth decay. Take care that this enemy of beauty does not become established in your mouth. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's for the Gums.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently.

How to use Forhan's

Use Forhan's twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place half an inch of Forhan's on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Massage gums either with your Forhan-coated brush or with finger. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist for special treatment.

One size only, 2/6 a double-size tube, at all Chemists.



If your Chemist cannot supply you, send direct to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, who will forward a tube for 2/6 post free.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PLEA FOR THE YULE LOG.

OPEN fires have been repeatedly condemned as insanitary to their users, wasteful, and polluting to the outside air, and we are constantly told that in the home of the future they will be replaced by central heating if the house be large, or by electric or gas fires if it be small. Such warnings—not always free from suspicion of interested motives, when traceable to those who have heating appliances to sell—have hitherto passed unheeded over the heads of the great majority of householders, for the best of reasons. Central heating cannot be applied on a large scale, as in the case of hotels and blocks of flats, unless the whole of our national habits, including that of open windows, are to be radically altered; while with coal (and coke) at their present prices, it is doubtful whether it is really an economy. Electricity and gas have grown so much dearer with the scarcity of coal that they are now about the most expensive way of warming a house that can be conceived, and the difficulty in getting repairs to the necessary apparatus goes far to neutralise their undoubted cleanliness and convenience in use. The "sea-coal fire" of our ancestors, therefore, still rules the roast.

Is this to be regretted from the scientific point of view? Dr. Margaret White Fishenden has lately been inquiring into the matter at the instance of the Manchester Corporation's Air Pollution Advisory Board, and has come to the rather unexpected conclusion that it is not. On the ground of health, she finds the open fire is abundantly justified by the stimulus it gives to the free circulation of air in the

room where it is in operation; and most of us who have experienced the stuffiness of a Swiss or American hotel in winter will unhesitatingly agree with her on this point. But she goes a great deal further, and declares that it is the only means of heating where we get the full value for our money. Although the quantity of heat radiated from the fireplace is only a part of that produced by the combustion of the fuel, the rest of it going, as the opponents of the open fire tell us, up the chimney, it here does so much towards warming the house that Dr. Fishenden thinks its efficiency is raised to 100 per cent. As she says, the only part of the heat which escapes is the infinitesimal quantity which comes out of the top of the chimney, and all the rest, which is not directly radiated into the room, is employed in warming the walls and brickwork. When a fireplace is so constructed that the back, whether of iron or, preferably, of fireclay, becomes red-hot as soon as the fire "burns up," it is this rather than the blazing coals themselves that is the chief generator of the heat thrown out.

As to this last-named point, moreover, Dr. Fishenden gives us some little-known facts. The proportion of heat directly radiated she puts at from 20 per cent. to 24 per cent. for coal, and at 30 per cent. to 33 per cent. for low-temperature carbonising coke; and she finds that the radiation is greatest at an angle of some 50 deg. from the horizontal. Hence it would seem to follow that the lower the fireplace can be set, the sooner the direct heat from it will be felt in the room, or, in other words, the nearer to the floor will it abide. It should also be noted that, as the principal part of the heat is really given off by the chimney-flue and

the walls on either side of the fireplace, the large opening above the fireplace, or "head-room," so attractive to the eye in a room of stately proportions, detracts seriously from its efficiency as a means of heating—a fact discovered by Count Rumford more than a century ago. All grates, she says, should have a register to regulate the draught at will.

Dr. Fishenden confined her researches to coal fires; but it is plain that the same arguments apply with equal force to open fireplaces in which wood is burned. Whether wood is used, as our ancestors used it, exclusively, or, as is more often done at the present day, together with coal, or even coke, it is plain that by its use we get a most efficient mode of warming our rooms. Clean, sweet-scented, lending itself to no pollution of the external air, while it requires no outlay for expensive and difficultly repaired apparatus, it follows from Dr. Fishenden's researches that the heat that it gives out makes it one of the cheapest forms of heating imaginable. Its one drawback is its bulk, which makes its storage a matter of some slight inconvenience. Yet it is not dirty, like coal, and can be stored in outhouses and cupboards which need not be kept exclusively for it. As to its place in the room itself, a good deal of trouble might be saved by having the wood cut into larger logs or blocks than the squares now mostly affected by the vendors; and with a little care large logs may be made to burn as readily as the small ones. Should coal continue to be scarce and dear, there is really little reason why we should not return to the Yule logs of our forefathers. Finally, the grate or fireplace that will burn coal will also burn wood without alteration in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. *Experto crede.*

F. L.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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Wonderful
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DAINTY BLOUSE (as sketch)
made in fine quality cotton
georgette. Deep pleated frills
and small box pleats form the
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KID SHOE. Patent Toe
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DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCK in a
large range of silk materials, including
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good quality velour cloth, cut on simple
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PETTICOAT (as sketch) in rich quality satin, finished at foot with two dainty ruches. In a variety of colours, 21/9 Sale Price.

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TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality chifon velvet, slightly draped skirt, corsage finished each side with a knot of velvet, sleeves of chifon to tone. In black and a variety of good colours.

Sale Price 98/6

35 TAILOR SUITS in soft shades of good quality rough serge, in three different designs, of which sketch, with waistcoat finished at top and bottom with band of nutria plush, is a typical example.

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KNITTED WOOLLEN JUMPERS, of which sketch is a typical example, in open stitch alpaca wool in a large range of colours with contrasting shade introduced on collar. 10/6

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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your CHILDREN'S HAIR always in good condition. Start taking care of your hair to-day and send for a bottle to any chemist, perfumer or hairdresser. It is prepared in a golden colour for fair hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- & 10/6 sizes.



LADIES' NEWS.

CHRISTMAS has come, been kept, and conquered a good many of us. After all, digestion wants short hours and light labour, as well as other agitators. The Royal Family had an old-fashioned, merry festive season, and are said to have been in good spirits and to have thoroughly enjoyed it. I suppose the Baron of Beef was there; I am quite sure the Christmas puddings and mince-pies were. Equally am I certain that, if the King and Queen could have given a good dinner to every unemployed person, they would gladly have done so. Also I hear that their sorrow for the poor people whose Christmas was shadowed by the failure of Farrow's Bank was deep and sincere. Of course, they were in sympathy too with the youthful pleasure in the season taken by their own fine family.

The New Year may bring us some sorrows, but it brings us many sales—things always close to our womanly affections. Of course, we affect to consider it a trying duty to get up early on Jan. 3 and proceed to sample the sales. Stop any one of us from doing it, however, and the shadow of bargains missed will loom low for many a day. This year, too, we have promise of very real reductions. For instance, Liberty's, Regent Street, who have not had a sale for a year, have that interval's accumulation of surplus stock to dispose of from Jan. 3. Among the splendid chances for investment are 18,000 yards of cretonne in a wide selection and beautiful colourings, which were 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. a yard, and will be marked down to a uniform 1s. 6d. a yard. There are 600 voile dresses in dainty designs and useful colours, which were £2 19s. 6d., and will be sold for £1 11s. 6d. each. Seven thousand dress lengths of printed voile, dainty and exquisite, will be sold at 12s. 6d. a length. Children's cloth coats, which sold freely for £4 4s., will be £2 19s. 6d.; and there are day and evening gowns in crêpe-de-Chine and georgette at £5 18s. 6d. each. It will be a great opportunity.

Jay's Winter Sale begins on Monday. Jay's things bear a very precious *cachet* in the minds of women who love and understand the art of dress. Many of Jay's wonderful model gowns will be sold at less than half cost price—is not that a good telling? The reduction in jumpers and coats is from 7 to 4 guineas in some instances, from 9½ guineas to 5½ in others. Peau de velour gloves are reduced from 16s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.; and there is rare value offered in hosiery and underwear. Several black and-gold brocade evening



A BRIDGE-PARTY FROCK.

It is made of terra-cotta duvetyn, and its only trimming is arabesque scroll embroidery. The underskirt is of amber satin, and the toque has a blue cockade at one side.

cloaks, lined with crêpe-de-Chine and trimmed with fur, which were 52 guineas, will be sold at 18½ guineas. There's a chance! Jay's evening cloaks, too!

Harvey Nichols's well-known and greatly esteemed house in Knightsbridge will be a favourite pilgrimage for January sale shoppers. Among very many fine opportunities for excellent investments it will offer are early spring tailor-built suits in small check black and grey suitings, half lined with good quality silk, belt, pockets, and revers, at 6½ guineas. There are elegant, graceful, and handsome crêpe-de-Chine tea-gowns in black and a good many colours, with wide sleeves and belts of lace, and lace side panels which form pockets, at 89s. 6d.; and dainty flowered crêpe-de-Chine tea-frocks, very smart and pretty, at 69s. 6d. Great reductions have been made in model coats in rich quality fabrics. These were from 25 to 50 guineas, and will be sold for 18½ guineas. For 6½ guineas attractive heavy-weight artificial silk jersey cloth frocks, with drop-stitch giving a striped effect, can be bought. These are in black, mole, saxe-blue, grey, nigger-brown, copper, and navy-blue.

There are many indications that prices will rise again; in any case, purchasing now is good policy. A first-rate field for good investment will be found at the sale at Samuel Brothers, 221-223, Oxford Street, close to the Tube station. This thoroughly reliable and up-to-date firm have to lighten their stock, and are therefore selling at actually cost price, which is very unlikely to be repeated. The sale begins on January 3. Among the bargains to be made at it are 150 jumpers, all wool, with deep sailor collar and open V-shaped neck, in contrasting stripes woven in the turned-back cuffs, which were 37s. 6d. and will be sold for 27s. 6d., in black, contrasted with several favourite and fashionable colours. Two hundred sports coats, in artificial silk, in many pretty colours and stripes, which were 84s., will be sold for only 29s. 6d. There are undoubted bargains in little girls' party frocks, in silk crêpe and georgette in a variety of colours and designs, in sizes 16 in. to 24 in. at 29s. 6d. Boys school clothes are a special feature of the sale, as well as girls'. There is such excellent value in these necessary outfits that it seems invidious to mention any, but one hundred double-breasted overcoats for boys from six to twelve, in neat grey and brown cheviot, from 39s. 6d. to 60s., will appeal to parents and boys alike. For men, too, there are really good bargains, so that there will be plenty of visitors to Messrs. Samuel Brothers during January. For those who cannot go to the sale, an excellent catalogue has been prepared, and will be sent by them on application. Boots and shoes for men, women, and children are also included in the sale at greatly reduced prices. A. E. L.



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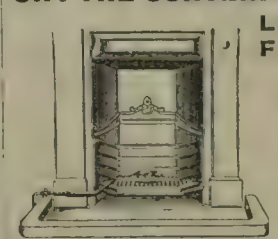
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The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-; or for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd. Bridport, Dorset, England.

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TURRET CLOCKS,
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Sir W. H. BAILEY & CO. LD.
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THE BRITISH BERKEFELD
Filter
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SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.
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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge.

Commences
MONDAY, JAN. 3rd.

SALE

And continues until
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All Furs at Half Price.

Write for Special
Catalogue of Fur Bargains

Attractive EVENING GOWN in chiffon velvet. Straight bodice with skirt put on with new organ pleats, finished with coloured spray. In black, grey, and saxe.

Sale price, £5 18 6

RELIABLE AND DISTINCTIVE FURS—Skunk collar made from the finest natural silky skins, beautifully worked in a 3-stranded effect. Can be worn several different ways. This season's price the set, 40 gns. Reduced to Half Price the set 20 gns.

Sale Catalogue post free.

The above garments cannot be sent on approval.

REMNANT DAY THURSDAY.

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

49 Gabardine and Natural SHANTUNG COATS in various designs, made in best quality materials in a variety of plain, becoming designs, of which sketch is an example; stitched silk to tone. Usual price, 9½ gns. Sale price 5½ gns.

An example of our stock of DAINY OVER-BLOUSES in good heavy crêpe de Chine, hand-embroidered. Similar shapes in Georgette crêpe various pale colours.

Usual prices, 39/6 to 49/6
All to clear 25/-

A few typical examples of all grades of ENGLISH & ORIENTAL CARPETS. The reduction on some of these will be very considerable.

Over 2000 yards of 27-inch wide AXMINSTER CARPET.

Usual Price, per yd., 15/9

Sale Price, per yd., 7/11

2500 yds. 27-in. wide WILTON Carpet.

Usual Price, per yd., 29/6

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A large number of BORDERED and UNBORDERED WILTON and AXMINSTER SQUARES in plain colours. Small design self colours and Persian designs.

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Self-colour mauve

Axminster, 12 9x11 3 - £18 10 0 12 10 0

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Axminster, 12 9x9 0 - 16 0 0 11 0 0

Self-colour Red

Wilton, 16-6x11-3 27 10 0 18 10 0

PERSIAN TURKISH CHINESE and INDIAN CARPETS and RUGS at

offered at 20 per cent. off Usual Prices, and some will be specially reduced

33 1-3 per cent. and 50 per cent. less.

Over 1000 DUTCH RUSH MATS in a variety of sizes and shapes, all marked at clearing prices.

REMNANT RUGS of best quality AXMINSTER and WILTON CARPET, suitable for bed-sides; all at HALF-PRICE

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The Seaside Mountain Resort.

10 minutes from Monte Carlo. 40 minutes from Nice.
Casino Municipal, Theatre, Salles de Jeux, Dancing, etc. Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Tennis, Croquet, Golf, Enchanting Excursions, Exquisite Scenery, Great Attractions, Delightful Surroundings.

FINEST COUNTRY AND CLIMATE IN EUROPE.

For all particulars please apply to the Syndicat d'Initiative.

MENTON ALPES MARITIMES.

OVERCOATS, SUITS TURNED
LADIES' COSTUMES

"Just like New." Don't delay—send along at once to WALTER CURRALL & CO., 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London.

Beware of Imitations

Established 1903.

Speed

At high engine speeds the use of a badly designed sparking plug will cause your engine to back-fire or pre-ignite: both results cause an immediate reduction of speed. When using Lodge sparking plugs you will neither get back-firing, nor pre-ignition, and so the engine will reach its highest speeds

LODGE PLUGS, LTD. RUGBY.

LODGE

5/- each everywhere.

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Cold 3 Days; Hot 24 Hours

ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks afford cold or hot beverages and food at home or out of doors when preparation is inconvenient. Indispensable when motoring, travelling or on outings. Ideal for keeping water hot for making tea any time, any place. With ordinary care ICY-HOTS will last a lifetime. Each ICY-HOT is

BUILT FOR LIFETIME SERVICE

A heavy coiled spring and pad protect the glass filler against breakage. Easily cleaned; absolutely sanitary.

ICY-HOT TEA BASKET shown at right contains complete luncheon equipment. Take one with you on your next outing.

Look for Name ICY-HOT on Bottom
Sold by Chemists, Ironmongers, Drapers and Stores.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.
225, W. Second Street, - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
LONDON OFFICE: Dept. G., 132, Salisbury Sq., - LONDON, E. C. 4.

ICY-HOT TEA BASKET

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Taxation Muddle.

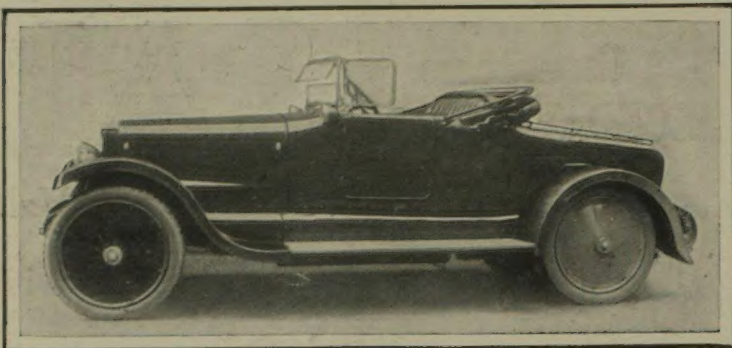
In the effort to rush matters to a conclusion, the officials of the Ministry of Transport seem to have got into a pretty considerable muddle regarding the machinery for the collection of the new motor taxes. According to plan, we are to be compelled to supply all sorts of details relating to our cars and their pedigrees, the particulars to be furnished on a most elaborate official form, of which nothing but the sealed pattern appears to be available. At the time of writing, none are to be had at the post-offices, to which we are told we must apply for them. Many motorists have hurried out and purchased one or other of the approved licence-holders, which manufacturers have placed on the market betimes. But there are no licences, nor do we know when there will be. Certainly they will not be generally available by January 1, when the law says we must pay our motor tax. Even if they were available, it does not look a bit as though the Ministry would get its powers from Parliament to enable it to put into effect the elaborate regulations with which it proposes to harass the motorist in the New Year. The Roads Bill is in the House of Lords—I am writing ten days before the end of the year—and the general opinion seems to be that the Upper House will regard it as a measure which requires a good deal of discussion, and, as it is not really an urgent Bill, will refuse it a second reading until after the Recess. Of course, it may be passed, but even then it will be impossible to get things properly working until well into January.

It is really difficult to see why there should have been such a hurry. We could have paid our taxes at the new rate in the way we paid the old, and left the super-regulations which have been drafted by the statisticians of the Transport Ministry to be considered later. Nobody would have been a penny the worse, and the resultant Roads Act might have been a coherent and useful measure instead of what it is.

An Optimistic Prophet.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu told the Institute of Transport the other day that he looked forward to there being two million motor vehicles on

afraid his well-known enthusiasm for motoring carried him rather too far. The whole output of our factories, plus imports at the present rate, would not be sufficient to provide that number of vehicles. Further, averaging the cost of each vehicle at only £300, which is obviously too low, such an increase would mean a capital expenditure on motor vehicles of £105,000,000 a year, which is certainly a far higher expenditure than we have any right to anticipate will be reached. Of course, it is quite impossible to do more than speculate very vaguely upon such rates of increase, but I should say that if in five years' time we have a million-and-a-quarter motor vehicles in active use, we shall have done very well indeed.

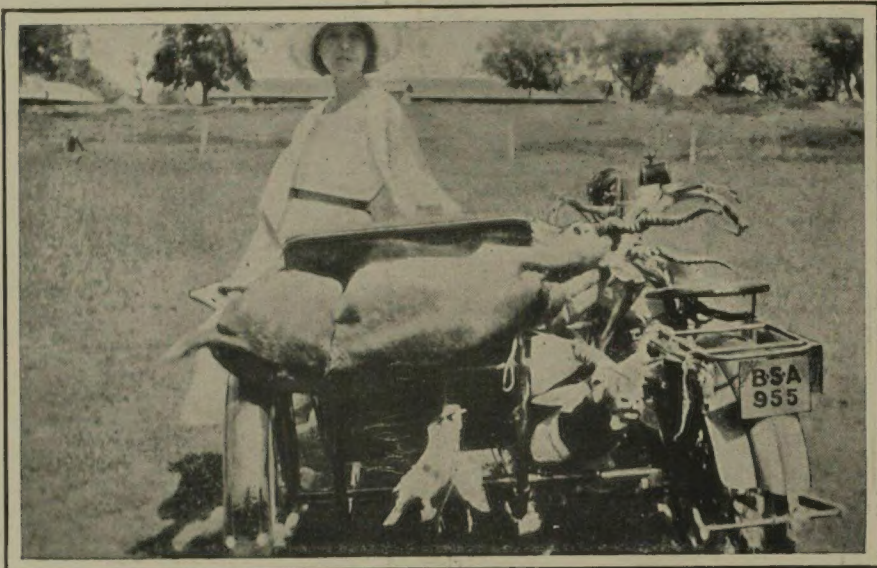


A HANDSOME TWO-SEATER WITH A HIGH-POWERED CHASSIS:
A DAIMLER "LIGHT THIRTY."

This car was supplied to Mr. A. J. Hill, of Bradford, by Mr. Albert Farnell, a well-known Bradford agent and pioneer motorist, who designed the body.

the roads in another five years' time, compared with an estimated three-quarters of a million now. I am

seen. It has been approved by the authorities, and is made to match the well-known Smith speedometer. The price in brass is 7s. 6d., and in nickel-plate, 8s. 6d. W. W.



THE RETURN FROM A SHOOTING TRIP: BLACK BUCK ON A B.S.A. MOTOR-BICYCLE AND SIDE-CAR.

A Neat Licence-Holder.

When we do have to put up the Geddes label in the New Year, we can at

least make it look as little objectionable as possible. To that end I am going to use a holder which has been sent me by Messrs. Smith and Sons, of Great Portland Street, which is the neatest thing of its kind I have

All motorists who have tried it know that "Ronuk" Motor-Car Polish is an ideal cleanser and brightener of woodwork, patent leather, lacquered fittings, and articles varnished or enamelled. Colourless and smooth, it is just the thing for preserving the finish of coachwork, whether white or black or any other colour. It revives and puts life into the varnish. No hard rubbing is required, and "Ronuk" is very suitable for the owner who cleans his own car and cycle, and takes pride in its appearance. Though it is not a metal polish, a light application of it after cleaning improves bright fittings. It will also be found useful for domestic purposes. If the tin is missing from the garage, it will probably be discovered in the house, being used for polishing the piano or other furniture.

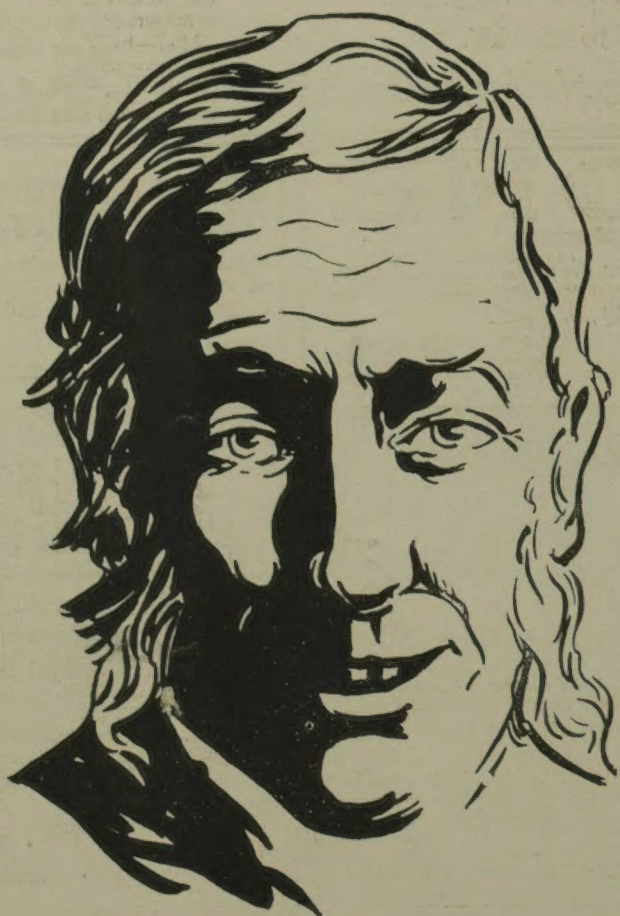
Here's John M'Graw,

At eighty-twa

He has-na any ills,

But keeps right weel,
and hearty—*by takin*

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS.**





When ordering a
Cocktail insist on
the Vermouth
being
CORELLI

Italy's Best Vermouth

Corelli has earned for itself the reputation of Italy's Best Vermouth.

Not even during the war, when conditions were extremely difficult, did Corelli suffer from scarcity of sugar, inferiority of spirit, or depletion of stocks. Neither, during more recent days, has Corelli suffered from the industrial unrest prevalent in Italy.

CORELLI ITALIAN VERMOUTH

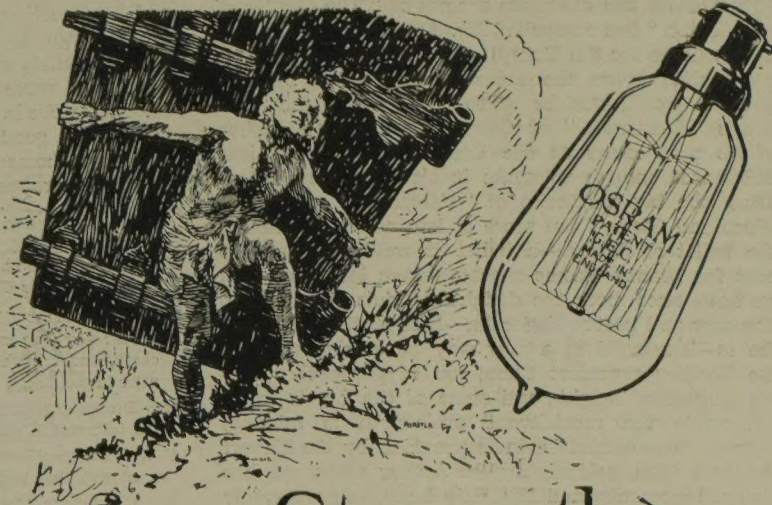
is a fine old wine of the very highest class. It is full bodied, fruity and delightfully aromatic. Incidentally, Corelli is a wonderful appetizer, and being a wine tonic of recognised superiority, it is a great aid in toning up the whole of the system. Furthermore, as the basis of all good cocktails, it is certainly unsurpassed.

A case of Corelli makes a useful, a sensible and an economical *New Year Gift*. Get it from your Wine Merchant or Stores. Remember the name Corelli, and insist upon seeing the name upon the label.

Wholesale only

EDWARD YOUNG & Co., Ltd.
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

Established over a century.



Samson carrying away
the Gates of Gaza.

Strength

In the ancient world bodily strength was greatly prized and regarded as worthy of permanent record. The story of Samson's feat in carrying off the gates of Gaza is a famous example of this. In the modern world the mightiest deeds are performed by Science.

In every product of applied science, strength is the prime necessity. The strongest survives. That is why the OSRAM LAMP stands supreme to-day, and why the necessity for its use wherever electric light is installed is recognised.

*Osram Lamps are sold by
Electricians, Stores & Ironmongers.*

Osram BRITISH
G.E.C. MADE
ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., 67 Queen Victoria St. London, E.C. 4.

(A. 923)

BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF TOP-COATS



*Every
Burberry
Garment
bears a
Burberry
Label.*

Whether designed for Sport or everyday use a Burberry Top-coat combines with its freedom, serviceability and distinguished appearance, the most efficient protection available—security that completely neutralises the discomforts and risks of exposure to rain or cold wind.

Tailored by picked London craftsmen from distinctive materials, woven and proofed—without rubber—by exclusive Burberry processes, a Burberry Top-coat provides a dependable safeguard against wet, yet is perfectly self-ventilating—supplies luxurious warmth in wintry weather, yet is lightweight and comfortable on the mildest day.

*Illustrated
Catalogue
& Patterns
Post Free.*



The Burberry

Wet- and wind- proof, self-ventilating, free from rubber, airtight and easy-fitting. It is the ideal weatherproof for all lovers of freedom, and a veritable boon to sportsmen.

The Race Weatherall

This handsome Tweed Coat, cut on easy-fitting lines with outside buttoning and bold patch-pockets, conveys an indelible impression of distinction, combined with ease and comfort.

HALF-PRICE SALE

at Haymarket, of MEN'S and WOMEN'S
WEATHERPROOFS, TOP-COATS, SUITS
and GOWNS

DAILY DURING JANUARY

FULL SALE LIST ON REQUEST.

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8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; Agents in Provincial Towns
Burberry's Ltd.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PLAYHOUSES.

CENTRAL LONDON'S PANTOMIMES.

THOUGH the obstinate success of "The Garden of Allah" has compelled Mr. Arthur Collins to find a new home for the Drury Lane pantomime, and this pantomime bears the same name as that of last year, it would not be quite true to say that this year's "Cinderella" at Covent Garden is a replica of its predecessor at the Lane, for there are just differences enough to make it almost a new thing. Thus, the big spectacles of "Fairyland" and "The Woodland Glade" are more or less novelties, though the ballet of flowers—a ballet it would be hard to beat for beauty—seems repeated from last year, and we have once more the delightful Louis Quinze ball. The new and pretty Cinderella—Miss Kathlyn Hilliard she is—rescued in a new way by storks, who, as the Penders represent them, are of piquantly varying degrees of height; and some of the fun is fresh, for, while the recalcitrant table-cloth is missing, there is some quaint business provided by the Egbert Brothers with golf-sticks. Mr. Arthur Conquest has his droll moments, and Miss Lily Long, as grotesquely humorous as ever, pokes fun in song at the Carmelite hat. Once more Miss Marie Blanche deserves to be styled a Prince Charming, but she, too, is equipped with new songs, while one of the best turns, a review of "Dances of the Days Gone By," which falls to Miss Mabel Green, is certainly new. And the topical illusions are right up-to-date in as merry and gorgeous an entertainment as Drury Lane ever showed.

Robust humour is always the stand-by of Lyceum pantomimes, and this year's rendering of the "Babes in the Wood" story includes a fight between the two delightful robbers, Mr. George Jackley and Mr. Gus Sharland, first with rapiers and single-sticks, then with huge swords replaced by toy pistols, and finally with vegetables and flowers, which should make the young playgoer roll off his seat with joy. More fun of a breezy order is furnished by Mr. Frank Bertram as the Dame and Mr. Billy Danvers with a taking song and illustrative pictures of the habits of the house fly. The Babes find pretty representatives in Cicely Maxwell and Kathleen Dixon, and a fairyland glimpse of a "home of the butterflies" makes very handsome spectacular effects.

The most striking feature of "Aladdin," at the London Hippodrome, is not its "garden of jewels," brilliant picture though that is, nor the feast of Oriental colour which other scenes provide, but the vanishing of its magic palace, which one minute stands solid with its multitude of lights, and the next is gone on a site that has become bare desert. There are other wonderful things, including a record number of "traps" gone through by Mr. Lupino Lane, whose comic powers, here given full play, are helped by the vivacity of Miss Nellie Wallace, one of the most hard-working of Dames. And fully as attractive as their work in another way are the singing and dancing of Miss Phyllis Dare; surely the daintiest of all this year's fairy-tale princesses.

"PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Once more among our Christmas stage entertainments for children, Sir James Barrie's ever-green fantasy, "Peter Pan," takes pride of place, and gives pleasure to the young of all ages; for while the playgoers from the nursery must revel at first or second acquaintance in the pirates and Red Indians of the story, in Peter himself, or the adorable "little mother" Wendy, children of older growth can swap opinions on Wendys and Peters and Captain Hooks past and present, and so extract from the newest revival of this classic of yesterday all the joy to be got from recalling former performances and comparing new-comers with their predecessors. No one is going to quarrel with this year's Peter Pan; Miss Edna Best's boy-hero has the right imaginative and pensive touch, the sense of eeriness that should be behind all his pranks and

relish for adventure. And Mr. Ainley, on the other hand, expends a rich humour and a happy instinct for burlesque on the double parts of the pirate Captain and Mr. Darling. The original Smee is back again in Mr. George Shelton; and once more Miss Sybil Carlisle enlists our sympathies for Mrs. Darling. We have had more natural, less sophisticated Wendys than Miss Freda Godfrey's, but all the children in the cast are as good as ever, and give as great an air of enjoying themselves. The scene of the Mermaids' Lagoon is dropped from this revival; it is not missed.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

M MERWIN EELLS (Milwaukee, U.S.A.).—Thanks for problem, which we are sorry we must decline. A two-mover commencing with a check, and followed by a commonplace device for mating, is an utter impossibility.

R S THOMPSON (Rochdale).—We are sorry we are unable to give you the information you desire.

F W IRELAND (Norwich).—You must try again, and always suspect a solution that begins by capturing a piece.

JAS. C GEMMELL (Campbeltown).—If Black play 1. K to Q 7th, the continuation is 2. Kt to Kt 4th, K moves; 3. Q mates accordingly.

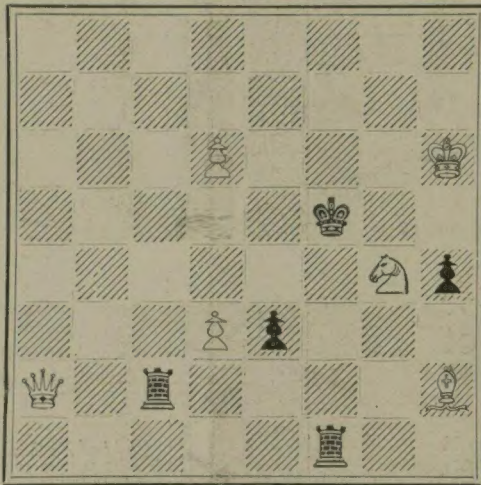
A M SPARKE (Lincoln).—Thanks for problem.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3849.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Q 5th	K takes Kt
2. B to B 3rd (ch)	K takes B
3. P to K 4th, mate.	

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q Kt takes P; and if 1. Any move, then 2. Q Kt takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3851.—By H. J. M.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3845 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3846 from E G Bromby (Benares) and H F Marker; of No. 3848 from Henry A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3849 from J W Sefton (Bolton), Jas. T Palmer (Church), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill) and E J Gibbs (East Ham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from C H Watson (Masham), J S Forbes (Brighton), A F Harding (Swansea), C A P, J W Sefton (Bolton), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), W H Statham (Blackheath), Edward Bygott (Middlewich), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A E Hutchinson (Liverpool), Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown) and H W Satow (Bangor).

In reproducing the fine oil painting of H.M.S. *Malaya* (the battle-ship taking the Duke of Connaught to India), by Major Charles Pears, R.O.I., in our issue of Dec. 18, we omitted to mention that the original picture has been purchased by the Government of the Federated Malay States, who presented the ship to the Navy during the war. Major Pears, we may add, is official marine painter to the Imperial War Museum.

"BRITISH MAMMALS": A NATURALIST'S COLOUR BOOK.

(See Illustrations on "Books of the Day" Page.)

ARTISTIC skill and zoological learning do not always go together, but they are happily united in Mr. A. Thorburn, F.Z.S., who is both author and illustrator of "British Mammals," with fifty plates in colour and pen-and-ink sketches in the text (Longmans, Green, and Co.) The work is in two volumes, of which only the first has at present come to hand. It is a large, handsome book, beautifully printed, and the colour-plates are of full-page size, measuring twelve by ten inches. The pictures of the various creatures, shown in typical natural surroundings, are ideal for their purpose, clear and well-defined in outline, meticulously accurate in detail, exquisitely coloured, and, withal, possessing an air of life and movement too often lacking in such work. Many of the animals are shown in tense attitudes, stalking or devouring their prey, so that something of the drama of animal life is conveyed as well as its infinite variety of form.

The author's intention has been, in his own words, "to provide pictures in colour of all those animals classed as mammals which inhabit or visit our islands. Planned as a companion to the volumes on 'British Birds' and 'A Naturalist's Sketch-Book,' recently published, it gives a series of reproductions from water-colour drawings of the seventy species which make up the list, and, in addition to these, are shown various sub-species or closely allied forms."

In this first volume six plates are devoted to the order of *Cheiroptera*—twelve varieties of bats. Next, three plates illustrate British *Insectivora*—namely, the hedgehog, the mole, and shrews of three kinds. The remaining sixteen plates deal with carnivorous animals—the wild cat, fox, walrus, seals of six species, the otter, badger, pine marten, polecat, stoat, weasel, squirrel, and dormouse. Three of the plates—the walrus, grey seal, and stoat in winter dress—are reproduced on our Literary Page in this number; but, of course, their reduced size and absence of colour can hardly do justice to the original plates. The explanatory notes which accompany each plate give all that the ordinary reader needs to know about the appearance, habits, food, and geographical distribution of the different species, and contain many interesting observations made by the author himself and other naturalists. It is not stated whether any domestic animals will appear in the second volume; all those mentioned in the first are wild denizens of our wood and fields, streams, and surrounding seas.

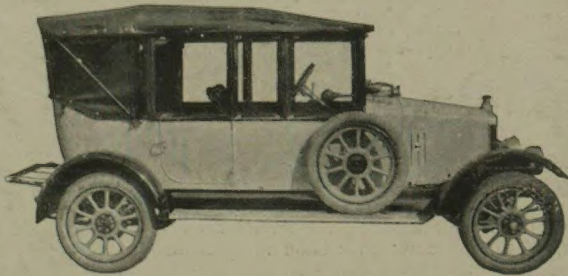
Wilkinson razors, manufactured by the well-known firm of sword-makers, are specially hollow-ground by skilled workmen. These razors are made of the finest sword steel and tempered by a special process. Besides their well-known straight razors, the "Special," and "W. and Crown," Messrs. Wilkinson make the new model safety shaver, with seven solid blades, each etched with the day of the week. The complete outfit, including stropping handle, is obtainable everywhere for 30s., or a combination outfit, including a new automatic stropping machine, for 45s. silver-plated, or 70s. gold plated.



A NEW YEAR GIFT FOR A MAN: A WILKINSON NEW MODEL SAFETY SHAVES, WITH AUTOMATIC STROPPING MACHINE.

Light
Weight
means
LOW
running
COSTS

The Complete Standard
Car weighs less than
17 cwt.



The All British
Standard
Light Four-Seater Car

Specially designed for the Owner-Driver.

Send your name and address for full particulars.
The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

Soft Delicate and Soothing
as the Melodious Spinet of Old

Spinet
Smoking Mixture

AN EXPERT BLEND,
EMBODYING 145 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE.

In Packets and Tins only, 1/1 per oz.

The SUPER CIGARETTE
Spinet Cork Tipped
Virginia 20 for 1/6



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